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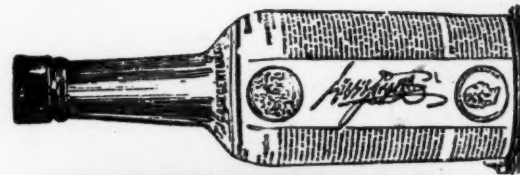
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"Cupid Jones"; Will J. Lampton; Arthur Lot; J. A. Macon; Julian Magnus; "Manat"; Benjamin Northrop;

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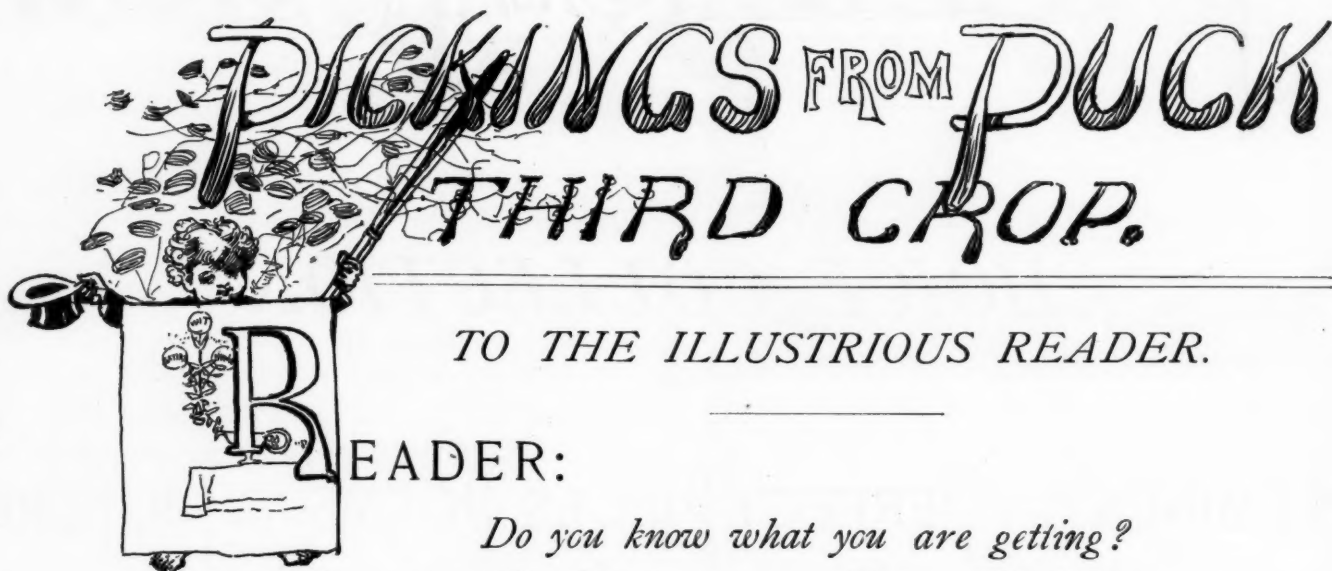
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NEW YORK:

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.



TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS READER.

READER:

*Do you know what you are getting?*

*You are getting PICKINGS FROM PUCK, Third Crop.  
Take off your hat and look happy.*

*This is not the original PICKINGS FROM PUCK. It is  
not PICKINGS FROM PUCK, Second Crop. It isn't either,  
or both, with a new cover. It is all freshly plucked from  
the flowery fields of Literature and Art that lie in the  
inexhaustible back numbers of PUCK.*

*Its price is Twenty-five Cents, of all newsdealers.*

*It is beautiful as the day and entrancing as the  
gazelle-like glances of an Oriental houri; and it is  
funnier than either of its predecessors, hitherto conceded  
to have reached the acme of humor.*

*The traditional barrel of monkeys will now please  
to pale its ineffectual fires.*

*Now you know where you are.*

*Step in and be happy.*

PUCK.



*THE Mechanical Engineer* prints a highly interesting article on "The Pump;" but it doesn't contain an allusion to the important rôle it enacts in the drama of the morning milk-pail, nor has it the frankness to say it is the first cousin of the cow.

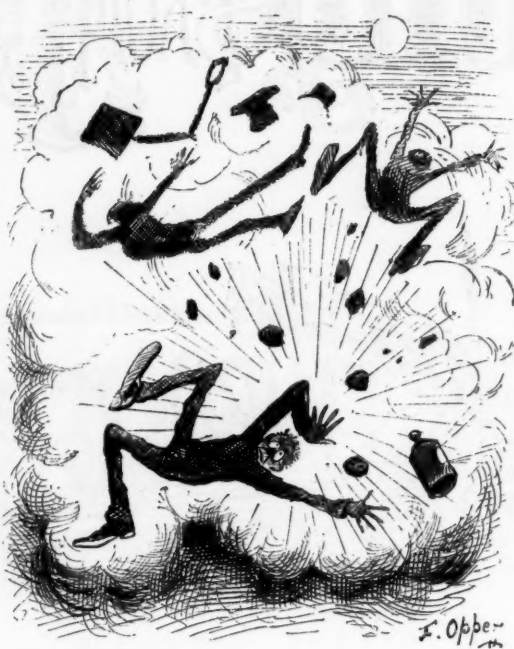
VERSE SWEETENS toil, however rude the sound ;  
She feels no biting pang the while she sings,  
Till stern the editor his chair turns round  
And in the basket all her singing flings.

As a rule, the more a young woman talks *bric-à-brac* and such nonsense to a young man, the less he talks love, marriage and such nonsense to her. Young ladies can put this in their cigarettes and smoke it.

[illegible]

NOW THAT THE TABERNACLE HAS TELEPHONIC CONNECTION WITH MANY PRIVATE HOUSES, WHY NOT ADD TO THE APPARATUS  
 LITTLE ELECTRIC IMAGES OF THE GREAT RELIGIOUS ACROBAT, AND MAKE THE THING COMPLETE?

## ONLY A LITTLE GREEN GRAVE—



—BUT, IF PROPERLY LOADED WITH DYNAMITE AND OTHER EXPLOSIVES, IT WILL CAUSE VACANCIES AMONG THE STUDENTS OF THE NEAREST MEDICAL COLLEGE.

## THE CITY-EDITOR'S BLUE PENCIL.

A YOUNG man writes to me, asking the chief difficulty he would encounter in becoming a reporter. He imagines himself to possess some taste and talent in a literary way, and desires, in a noble spirit of philanthropy, to give the world the benefit of his burning genius by caracoling into print through the columns of a great daily. Generous youth! Verdant monument of saline deficiency! Bend a listening ear to a brief ebullition of advice—the cheapest commodity of these latter days. That is why we offer it with the magnanimity of our open heart.

Literary talent, eh? Well, elevate your spanker and sail in. The winds seem favorable, and pleasant progress assured. Then, some fine morning, when the echo of the midnight bells has been silent for an hour or more, the fire-bell begins to promulgate a little echo of its own. The number sounded is that of a box about two miles from the office. The city-editor notifies you of your election as a delegate to attend that fire, and you chassay out into the silent street. You mentally calculate the distance and the limited time before the paper goes to press. Then let your bountiful literary talent get in its work. It seems to sneak away through a rear window, does it not? Your impression is that it leaves you in the lurch.

Yes, Sophisticus, you may be an artist in constructing Addisonian phrases; but to reach that fire you must be an artist in oscillating your legs. You return with humid undergarments, and, puffing like a locomotive, begin the Addison act, with the "devil" snatching each page as you write it, and the foreman up-stairs yelling through the tube equivocal praises regarding your capabilities as a rapid writer.

But your greatest trial is yet to come. Were your heart of adamant, the city-editor's blue pencil would break it. Are you going to tremble as you see an eagle eye frowning over your copy, and a blue pencil softly gliding across the written pages? Yes, Sophisticus, you are. That terrible pencil scratches out a word here, a line there, and another and another, and possibly the city-editor finishes the matter by throwing the whole article in the basket, and then looks over at your desk with a glance that speaks

volumes. If it goes on the hook, it looks like a map of the Soudan war. You would not recognize in the morning paper what you deemed a child of your fancy. Maybe you will wonder how three lines can tell the story for which you took a quarter of a column. Quite likely you will see that blue pencil in your dreams. Then, after a few years of "reportorial" work have passed over your head, you will realize that instead of what you fondly anticipated, you are, after all, only a cog in a wheel that is always whirling. J. H. THOLENS.

## Definitions of the Day.

POTS OF GOLD—Jack-Pots.

A TAKING TITLE—Pick-pocket.

A DEAD IMITATION—Catalepsy.

WITHIN AN ACE OF IT—The King.

SLAVES OF THE WEED—Gardeners.

ALWAYS ON ICE—The Polar-Bear.

COME TO STAY—Your Poor Relations.

BADLY STUMPED—The Legless Veteran.

OUT ON THE FLY—The Escaped Convict.

POETICAL JUSTICE—Killing the Bad Poets.

OLD ROUNDERS—The Hands of the Clock.

A GERMAN COUNT—Eins, Zwei, Drei, etc.

A PAIR OF NIPPERS—A Cyclone and a Blizzard.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW BOUND—The Editorial Waste-basket.

GENERAL BRAGG—An Englishman's Talk of the English.



MY DEAR DIANA:

Stately fair  
Are you, and that imperial air  
Sits well upon the classic head  
Crowned with its braids of  
golden red.  
Beautiful, Dian, all allow  
The lines of that Junonian brow;  
Beautiful are the eyes that gaze  
With languid grace of ancient days.  
My dear, no olden sculptor planned  
Beauty more generously grand,  
To carve within the undying stone  
In goddess glory—than your own.

But yet, Diana, let me here  
Drop you a sympathetic tear.  
All winter you have reigned serene  
High Fashion's undisputed queen.  
But now that summer skies are blue  
The fashion's changed—alas for you!  
And in the mountains, by the sea,  
There reigns a lesser deity—  
The frank and free and freckled girl,  
With nez retroussée, hair all curl,  
Who loves to swim, to walk, to run—  
Who careth naught for tan of sun;  
No statuesque immortal she;  
But, oh, her light divinity  
Whisks in a tennis-skirt about,  
And cuts you, Dian, coldly out.

## A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.



BOARD OF HEALTH OFFICER.—Mrs. McGinnis, I told you last month that the keeping of that pig up here was a nuisance and it would have to be abated.

MRS. MCGINNIS.—An' sure Oi've abayed yer instructions. Oi've bin a-bating th' poor baste wid a club iver since th' occasion of yer last visit.



## WOODTICK WILLIAM'S STORY.



HE HAD about as ornery and triffin' a crop of kids in Calaveras County thirty years ago as you could gather in with a fine-tooth comb and a brass band in fourteen States. For ways that was kittensome they was moderately active and abnormally protuberant. That was the prevailing style of Calaveras kid, when Mr. George W. Mulqueen come there and wanted to engage the school at the old camp, where I hung up in the days when the country was new and the murmur of the six-shooter was heard in the land.

"George W. Mulqueen was a slender young party from the effete East with conscientious scruples and a hectic flush. Both of these was agin him for a promoter of school discipline and square root. He had a heap of information and big sorrowful eyes.

"So fur as I was concerned, I didn't feel like swearing around George or using any language that would sound irrelevant in a ladies' boodore; but as for the kids of the school, they didn't care a blamed cent. They just hollered and whooped like a passle of Sioux.

"They didn't seem to respect literary attainments or expensive knowledge. They just simply seemed to respect the genius that come to that country to win their young love with a long-handle shovel and a blood-shot tone of voice. That's what seemed to catch the Calaveras kids in the early days.

"George had weak lungs, and they kept to work at him till they drove him into a mountain fever, and finally into a metallic sarcophagus.

"Along about the holidays the sun went down on George M. Mulqueen's life just as the eternal sunlight lit up the dewy eyes. You will pardon my manner, Nye, but it seemed to me just as if George had climbed up to the top of Mount Cavalry, or wherever it was, with that whole school on his back, and had to give up at last.

"It seemed kind of tough to me, and I couldn't help blamin' it onto the school some, for there was a half-a-dozen big snoozers that didn't go to school to learn, but just to raise Ned and turn up Jack.

"Well, they killed him, anyhow, and that settled it.

"The school run kind of wild till Feboowary, and then a husky young

tenderfoot, with a fist like a mule's foot in full bloom, made an application for the place, and allowed he thought he could maintain discipline if they'd give him a chance. Well, they ast him when he wanted to take his place as tutor, and he reckoned he could begin to tute about Monday follering.

"Sunday afternoon he went up to the school-house to look over the ground, and to arrange a plan for an active Injin campaign agin the hostile hoodlums of Calaveras.

"Monday he sailed in about nine A. M. with his grip-sack, and begun the discharge of his juties.

"He brought in a bunch of mountain-willers, and, after driving a big railroad-spike into the door-casing over the latch, he said the Senate and House would sit with closed doors during the morning session. Several large, white-eyed holy terrors gazed at him in a kind of dumb, inquiring tone of voice; but he didn't say much. He seemed considerably reserved as to the plan of the campaign. The new teacher then unlocked his alligator-skin grip, and took out a Bible and a new self-cocking weepion that had an automatic dingus for throwing out the empty shells. It was one of the bull-dog variety, and had the laugh of a joyous child.

"He read a short passage from the Scriptures, and then pulled off his coat and hung it on a nail. Then he made a few extemporaneous remarks, after which he salivated the palm of his right hand, took the self-cocking songster in his left, and proceeded to wear out the gads over the various protuberances of his pupils.

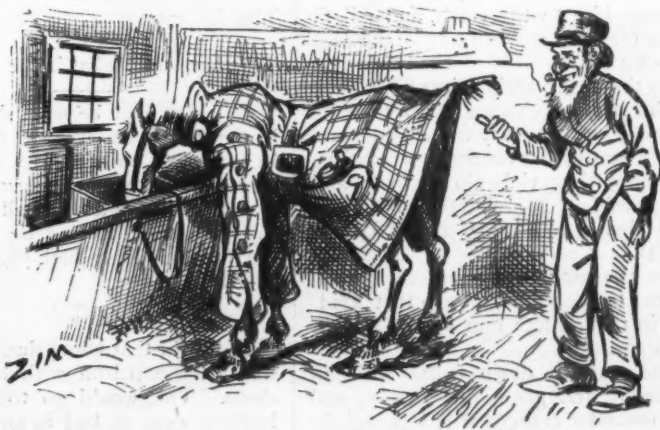
"People passing by thought they must be beating carpets in the school-house. He pointed the gun at his charge with his left and manipulated the gad with his right duke. One large, overgrown Missourian tried to crawl out of the winder, but after he had looked down the barrel of the shooter a moment he changed his mind. He seemed to realize that it would be a violation of the rules of the school, so he came back and sat down.

"After he wore out the foliage, Bill, he pulled the spike out of that door, put on his coat and went away. He never was seen there again. He didn't ask for any salary, but just walked off quietly, and that summer we accidentally heard that he was George W. Mulqueen's brother."

BILL NYE.



## MR. HARDUP'S NEW SCHEME OF KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE;



OR, THE EQUINE AND THE ULSTER.





# PUCK'S RURAL LOCALETTES.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF PATENT-INSIDES.

[These notices will be found thoroughly trustworthy, and may be safely used by any country weekly.]

**D**E LACY is selling eight collar-buttons for five cents.  
 —Justice of the Peace Ormsby has purchased a lawn-tennis set.  
 —There is some talk of having the Presbyterian organ tuned.  
 —John Smith, of Boston, spent Sunday with friends at Edgecomb.  
 —Last week the post-office was supplied with eight green cuspidors.  
 —The ice-cream business is booming at Mellick's, on Main Street.  
 —Squire Bixby swapped horses with Elder Jenkins last Thursday.  
 —Widow Myers had her Brussels carpet beaten the day before yesterday.  
 —Miss Esmeralda Tompkins has sold her village-cart to Letitia Moore.  
 —The Smugg House opened on Tuesday, and is already pretty well filled with guests.  
 —Joel Metcalf's tom-cat had a fit at twenty-two minutes after three last Friday afternoon.  
 —It is rumored down Edgecomb way that Miss Mary Wintergreen will soon change her name.  
 —Judge Smith will be asked to become superintendent of the Methodist Sunday-school next Fall.  
 —Frith, the pharmacist, has just laid in a fresh supply of syrups, and his soda-water fountain is running on full time.  
 —Buy your dog muzzles at Marsden's hardware-store. With one of Marsden's Patent Eureka Muzzles, no dog can go mad.  
 —Jimmy McGruder knocked a base-ball over in 'Squire Jones's garden, and barked his shin while scaling the fence for it.  
 —Miss Martha Lumley's poodle, Jack, was poisoned last Saturday night, and on Sunday morning Martha didn't eat any breakfast.  
 —The steamboat time-table is not to be changed at all this month, and, in all likelihood, will remain as it is now during the Summer.  
 —There was a whist-party at Brother Stiles's on Wednesday evening. After the game the party indulged in cake and lemonade.  
 —Go to Scroon for your artificial teeth. He has just laid in a stock, each set of which is warranted to chew any kind of food and fit any mouth.  
 —Squire Snuff, that whole-souled gentleman of Penville, made the Reporter a pleasant call Tuesday and renewed his subscription. Call again, 'Squire.  
 —Sally Groves was the boss speller at the Sandy Rich spelling-bee, Friday night last. She spelled such words as erysipelas, connaisseur, etc., without the least difficulty. Sally takes the cake as a spellist.

## THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.



Can it be that this desperate wretch is about to commit suicide?



Well, not to any great extent; he is simply exhibiting "McSlider's Patent Fire Escape" to the public.

## Faithful Beyond Death.—The Story of a Missionary, in Three Chapters.



The Missionary.



The Reception Committee.



VOICE FROM WITHIN.—My friend, you forgot to say grace.



THE summer season's over,  
 No more I've got to grind  
 This clumsy old hand-organ,  
 My daily bread to find.

No more I've got to wander  
 Adown the dusty street,  
 With all the noisy children  
 Dancing upon my feet.

No more my lilac monkey  
 Will climb the brown-stone  
 front,  
 From basement unto cornice,  
 And for the shekel hunt.

I've packed away my organ,  
 No more with it I'll roam;  
 I've sent the lilac monkey  
 Unto his winter home.

Full soon you'll see me sitting,  
 With smiles serene and bland,  
 Harvesting shining ducats  
 At my old chestnut stand.

## FACTS IN NATURE.

S. STUDENT.—Professor, what goes most "against the grain"?

P. PROFESSOR.—The reaper.

S.—Why does lightning never injure a conductor?

P.—Because he isn't always wanting to punch its ticket.

S.—Is the house-spider amphibious?

P.—No. Why should you think so?

S.—Because he is web-footed.

S.—When railroads play at pool, is it a "call-game"?

P.—No, a "burst." It's all in favor of the one who "breaks."

S.—Why this proverb about calling a spade "a spade"?

P.—Because it's paid to do so.

S.—Is a horse who works in a mine always kept in the shafts?

P.—No; he gets a rest sometimes. They treat him on the dead level.

S.—Professor, do you believe man is made of clay?

P.—Certainly; but of different qualities. Some men are bricks, others Chinamen.

S.—Is anything the equivalent of a man?

P.—Yes. A crane.

S.—The bird?

P.—No, the apparatus—because it is a hoisting-machine.

S.—What is a trunk-line?

P.—Rope put round a box.

S.—Can you travel by it?

P.—Yes, to another world.

S.—How can I be sure of seeing pictures in the fire?

P.—Burn an artist's studio.

S.—What is a steamer-chair?

P.—A comfortable seat that the careful man takes on board ship, and the strange woman is forever sitting in.

S.—What is a modern criminal jury?

P.—A survival of the Know-nothing Party.

S.—Is Tarrytown the least progressive place in the States.

P.—No! Switchback is even worse.

S.—What is Troy weight?

P.—When your collars and cuffs don't come back on time.

JULIAN MAGNUS.



PRUDENCE, SPINNING.

A Studio Study.

I.

Prudence, sitting by the fire,  
Lift your head a little higher—  
How the firelight ripples in  
And out the dimple of your chin  
How your sidewise tilted head  
Snares the flickering gleams of red;  
Snares them in a golden net  
Than your distaff fleecier yet!  
O my Prudence, turn—but no—  
Shall a century backward flow?  
Prudence—ah, awelladay!  
You're a hundred years away.

II.

He who looks upon you hears  
Through a hundred bygone years  
Whirr of wheel and foot's light tap  
On the treadle, and the snap  
Of the rose-red hickory logs.  
Sputtering, sinking on the dogs;  
And your breath he almost feels  
In a gentle sigh that steals  
From your lips, while hand and head  
Weave a dream and spin a thread—  
Prudence—who'd believe it, pray?  
You're a hundred years away.

\* \* \*

Silent was the studio,  
Duller grew the hickory's glow,  
And the skylight, cold and faint,  
Seemed to frown—"tis late to paint!"  
Prudence drooped a weary head,  
Hearing not the painter's tread,  
As he crossed the room and bent  
Just where blush and firelight blent.  
O my Prudence, model fair!  
Where's your prim provincial air?  
Prudence—ah, awelladay!  
How a century slips away!

H. C. BUNNER.

## PIKE COUNTY PHILOSOPHY.

According to the Old Settler's School.

Boys, it's ez easy fur a two-months-ol' baby to crack a hick'ry-nut with its teeth, b'gosh, ez it is fur a thorrer-bred 'Merican citizen to put a stove-pipe t'gether without distribitin' consid'able cuss-words roun' the settin'-room.

—I'm so durn consid'rit in my dealin's with my feller-men, boys, that I'd ten to one ruther ast one of 'em to len' me five dollars th'n to hurt his feelin's by sayin' to him, "No, I can't len' ye four shillin', no how." I would, b'gosh!

—Don't never git down-hearted, boys, 'cause y' hain't got sumpin' w'at somebody else has got. A hen hain't got no teeth, but jis' see, b'gosh, how she ketches onter luck by it. She don't hef to hev no gum-biles.

—Silence is gold, they say; so 'f y' wanten see a place whar the precious metal is sca'cer'n bark on the North Pole, slip over to my house an' listen to the ol' woman some evenin' w'en I slide in with a jag on.

—Boys 'll be boys, an' y' can't help yerself; but th' wouldn't be no p'tic'lar harm in that if they'd only be men w'en they git to be men.

—Alluz 'member, boys, that a feller kin be ez pooty ez a red wagon, an' wear sixty-dollar harness, an' yit be ez shaller ez a sasser o' dish-water. Y' kin scour up a six-quart milk-pan so 's y' kin use it fur a lookin'-glass, but y' can't make it hol' more'n six quarts, b'gosh, to save yer gizzard.

—Whenever yer sperrit is strong an' yer flesh is weak, the s'picion is hefty th't yer bar-tender is better th'n yer doctor; but if yer flesh is strong an' yer sperrit weak, my 'dvice 'd be to ye: complain to the tavern-keeper, an' shet off yer rations ez to med'cine.

—An' alluz 'member this—Ez long ez y' keep a stiff upper lip y' won't be bothered with no limber back-bone.

ED. MOTT.

## PUCK'S "GOING, GOING, GONE!"



HM!

HO!

HA!

HA HA!

HO HO!

WOW!



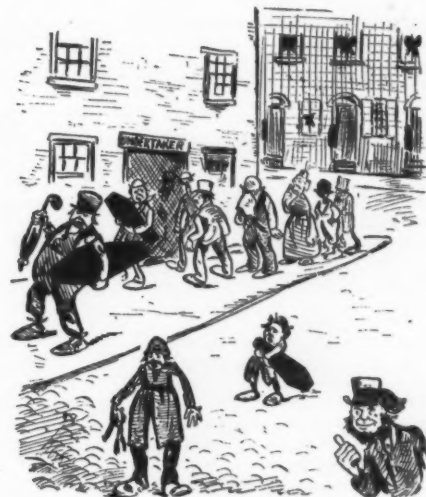
SOME ILLUSTRATED PATENT-MEDICINE RECOMMENDATIONS.



"My husband has used your 'Hair-Lifter' with great success. I now have a hold upon him heretofore unknown to me."  
LILLIE S.



"To persons desiring to abstain from the use of intoxicants, your 'Non-Alcoholic Bitters' are a veritable boon. I find them a good substitute for all kinds of liquor."  
RUBYNOS.



"My business being dull, I circulated a few sample bottles of your 'Heart-Disease Cure' among my townspeople suffering from that complaint. The grateful recipients now overrun me with orders."  
U. N. DERTAKER.

GOOD ADVICE.

"You ought to be married, sir," said the phrenologist to the victim on the stage: "Yes, sir, you ought to be married. You have no right, sir, to have lived a bachelor so many years. Now, look at your clothes, sir! Who mended your coat, sir? Tell me that."  
"My third wife, sir."

HIS MILITARY RECORD.



STRANGER (to Sentinel).—I say, who's commander of this fort now?

SENTINEL.—Fait' an' I dunno, fur I haven't been in the Unioited Shtates sarvice very long.

STRANGER.—Where had you been previous to your enlistment here?

SENTINEL.—I was in the command of O'Donovan Rossa; then I was transferred to Kilmainham, where I sarved five years. That's the koind of a sojer I am.



"I induced a dear relative to use your 'Nerve Extinguisher.' She now suffers no more. Please accept the thanks of a grateful lover of family happiness."  
BALDY SAUERS.

ANOTHER GAME ALTOGETHER.

"WELL," remarked the justice: "what is this young man accused of?"  
"I caught him playing poker, sir," replied the policeman.

"Yes," returned the Court: "but I have no objections to poker, you know. If that is all the charge against him I shall discharge him. What have you to say for yourself, young man?"

"I was sitting down with some friends of mine, Your Honor, playing a friendly game of cards."

"Yes."

"We had a jack-pot on the table. It was opened, and I came in cn a pair of deuces. The man who opened it stood pat and bet ten dollars, and I called him."

"Called him on deuces? Twenty-five dollars fine. Call the next."

"Yes," gasped the prisoner: "but I thought you didn't object to poker?"

"I don't; but to call a man on deuces isn't poker. Call the next case."

THEY SAY a man can leave an umbrella out of doors in Norway all day, and find it where he left it the next morning. This would go to show that they have very poor umbrellas in Norway, or else the climate is phenomenally dry.

HE SHOT.

"I'LL HIE me," said the boy, "And his bosom swelled with joy: 'I'll hie me to the woods, and there I'll shoot.' And he did, alack! alack! Now he's lying on his back, And he knows when he gets out of bed he'll only need one boot."  
J. P. D.

Bartholdi says his mother posed for the model of the statue.—Exchange.



SHE DID—MORE THAN ONCE. WE ALL KNOW THE POSE.

## TOGETHER.

SWEETHEART! Our memories barely reach  
The time when, each absorbed in each,  
Together  
To trysting-place we gaily tripped:  
Repeated, wife would say I'd slipped  
My tether.

Sweetheart! Long years have glided by  
Since, underneath a clouded sky,  
Together  
We talked of love and nothing worse:  
In like position, now, I'd curse  
The weather.

Sweetheart! I scarce can call to mind  
Those by-past days when we could find  
Together  
A kiss more precious than the earth:  
I'd deem, now, ten were hardly worth  
A feather.

Sweetheart! It's hard to think that I  
Once met (and let) thee buy-and-buy  
Together  
Ice-cream and cake and soda, weak:  
But let thee, *now*? I'd bid thee seek  
The nether.

Sweetheart! Dost know the reason why  
We drop no tear and breathe no sigh  
Together  
When these old nightmares give us starts?  
Why, plainly, both of us have hearts  
Like leather!

WALTER L. SAWYER.

## MUSIC IN NATURE.



"What a curious bird!" exclaimed a Prince of the Congo, upon seeing a lobster for the first time: "Does it sing, I wonder?"



The Prince discovers that he has to do all the singing himself.

## HE TOOK THE HINT.

"How much salary are you getting now?" asked an inquisitive and gossipy young scribe, addressing an old veteran of the newspaper he was on.

"I am now receiving seventy-three dollars and fifteen cents a week, including my board, a bottle of champagne at dinner, all my expenses, cigars, sixteen suits of clothes a year, a trip to Europe in the summer, and no night-work. On the whole, I cannot complain; but why do you ask?"

The question was not answered, as the youngster had stood not upon the order of his going, but gone.

## THE BULLDOZING BULL.

ONE evening, as a Calf was passing the Hotel de Veal, in a small French town, he descried his relative, the Papal Bull, hurriedly leaving a China Shop and departing hastily in an opposite Direction.

"Whither away midst falling dew?" asked the Calf.

"Falling due exactly describes the Situation. I have a Note to meet, and I have at last re-hypothecated the Securities; so I am going to Cowes," said the Papal Bull: "for the benefit of my shattered Health, and to restore my nerves, unstrung by the Worry of Business."

MORAL.—Did you Heifer? A. Z.

## A FEW BUSINESS-RULES.

BE PROMPT at the office. Promptness in employees secures promotion. When your employer requests your appearance at 9 A. M., be sure and comply with his request, and if your employer keeps you at work until 10 P. M., do not let your angry passions ferment. Remember this is a free country. (To the employer.)

Do not ask for a "raise" every Saturday night. This is a bad policy.

When the office-boy whistles, and recites "The Wind Blew Through His Whiskers," while you are adding up a two-foot column of figures, bear it with silence. Do not let your employer use you for a cigar-sign.

Practise economy. Do not put a tooth-pick in your mouth, walk around the block, and create the impression that you have just wrestled with a two-dollar luncheon at Delmonico's; but buy a ten-cent lunch, and in the evening pay a dollar and a half for a seat at some theatre.

If you are a laboring man, and waiting for the five-cent fare to take effect on the "L" road, drop into some beer-saloon, and drink beer until half-past four.

Never ask the office-boy why it took him four hours to go to the post-office, three blocks away. He will always explain why he was delayed, and you will blame yourself for being too hasty in finding fault. Then you will compare yourself with a blank cartridge.

Remember that all successful business-men are self-made, excepting those who were started in business by rich fathers-in-law.

If your employer manufactures an article costing him forty cents, and sells it to the retailer for one dollar and eighty-seven cents, don't cross-question yourself, but count on your employer's "shrewdness."

Always furnish customers with writing-paper, envelopes and postage-stamps gratis.

When your employer is absent from the office, start an animated conversation, when all the clerks will join in, excepting the office-boy, who will dance "Ole Virginny" on his employer's desk. When your employer is seen coming, all hands will resume work with a death-like stillness. The office-boy will be very busy, and will be complimented by his employer for his angelic attentiveness.

W. L. C.

## LABOR-SAVING WASH.



"Naw, Mrs. Murphy, it's me Jimmy's clo'es I wash wid him inside av thim, fur it makes him clane as well as the clo'es."



THE LAPSE OF TIME.



MR. POHOFF (*who forgets the years that have passed*).— You had two dear little boys; are they not old enough to enter our Bible-class? Let me meet them, please—



THE BOYS. — We don't want no Bible-class racket; but what's de matter with workin' de growler?

HOW THE BITER WASN'T BIT.

Ned and Jimmie, little shavers,  
Brothers dear—and mine—  
Always hungry; any hour  
Suited them to dine.

Once, when mother had some apples,  
Ned was given two;  
"Take one down the yard to Jimmy,  
T' other one 's for you."

Thus spake kind and thoughtful mother—  
Ned walked slowly out;  
From his birth, keen, cute and cautious,  
Never long in doubt.

In each hand he turned the pippins,  
Sized them, squinting sly:  
"Both alike; Jim loves an apple,  
But no more than I."

Quick he bit a piece from Jimmy's,  
Then a bite from his;  
It was worth five silver dollars  
To see Ned's calm phiz.

"Here 's an apple, Jim, from mother."  
"Why, it 's bitten, Ned!"  
"So is mine. Look, here 's the other,"  
That bright youngster said.

Jimmy, puzzled, took the apple,  
Ate it to its core;  
Ned, serenely, put *his* luncheon  
With those gone before.

Years have sped since gentle Jimmy  
Joined the cherubim;  
Ned still lives, and of earth's rations  
Gets what 's due to him.

ERRATIC ENRIQUE.

RETALIATION.

WHEN a man leaves the city during the heated term, and goes off into the rural districts to brace up his health and have a good time, he generally visits a relative who owns a farm. This is because he imagines that on a farm he may have all the fresh milk and eggs he wants, and enjoy the scenery, and lie under a large shade-tree and listen to the ceaseless buzz of myriads of insects of all creeds and denominations, and finally return to the city flabby with health, and as brown as a piece of sole-leather. But he is far from correct in his calculations.

When he reaches the farm, he doesn't get any eggs and milk; but discovers that all the eggs and milk are used for making cake. And he doesn't enjoy the scenery, either. All the scenery there is is a pile of rocks and some elderberry bushes. And he doesn't lie under the big shade-tree much, either. The farmer concludes that it is cheaper to board a relative and work him than it is to lavish red gold on an outsider and have to feed him in the bargain. So he works his city relative pretty hard, and the latter succumbs out of courtesy, and curses in his sleeve while he bends over to hoe potatoes, and almost breaks his back at every bend.

And he cannot stay out at night, either, because the farmer and his family retire to rest just after the cattle have been fed, and if he should go down to take a swim or attend a hop, he couldn't get back before ten or eleven, and that would cause the farmer to look upon him as one guilty of heresy. And even the fresh butter is taken to the village and swapped off for things that cannot be raised on a farm, and he has to eat bacon-grease on his bread. But he does hear the buzz of the insects, especially mosquitos, and becomes tanned until he looks like a mulatto. And that is all he secures out of the list of things he expected to get.

Now, by way of retaliation, it would be a good idea for city people not to take country, or rather farmer-relatives, to the opera and theatre; but, instead, to make them help the cook, and move the furniture around, and ride the children about the streets, and beat carpets,

and put in coal, and shovel snow off the sidewalk, and go with the head of the family to his office and run errands all day, and add up long columns of figures, and make out all the bills, and deliver bundles, and then go home and assist the coachman.

That would be the proper method to even matters, and not until that method is pursued will city people be emancipated from the task of entertaining a crowd of uncouth agriculturists who are at once a mortification and an annoyance.

NOT AN AMERICAN.

"Say, old chappie, I think—ah—it is about time I was going home."  
"Home?" replied the Englishman: "England?"  
"Naw."  
"You don't mean to tell me you are an American?"  
"Naw. Certainly not. I am a—ah—Bostonian."

A COMING BUSINESS INNOVATION.



"Vot's der use paying rent? Der sidewalk is free! Vait till dem oder Broadway merchants haf by dot idea tumbled—all der stores will be empty, alretty!"

## SKETCHES CAUGHT ON THE FLY.



IN THE MORNING.



AT NOON.



AT NIGHT.



DURING BUSINESS HOURS.



AT CHURCH.



AT LEISURE.

## SINGLENES OF EYE.

"SAV, do you want a boy?"

That was what little Johnny Somers said as he entered a District Telegraph office and leaned against the counter, while he tore up one of the envelopes that were lying there.

"Yes," said the superintendent.

Then he asked Johnny his name and age, and wrote them down.

"Come around here and sit down, and we'll soon find out what you're good for," he said.

Johnny went inside, and was given a cap, to make him look as if he were somebody. He sat there and watched the boys going out in various directions for about an hour. Then he was left alone. A man came in with a package addressed to 97 West 34th Street.

"Next boy," said the superintendent.

Johnny went up, and was given the package and a ticket. He started out on a run that caused the superintendent to smile when he thought how soon Johnny would get over it. Johnny was gone three hours. When he came back he said he couldn't find the place.

"Where did you go?"

"Clear across to the East River."

"But it isn't over there; it's on the west side."

"Why didn't you tell me that before? I can't run no errands on the west side."

"How's that?"

"Why, my left eye's a glass one, and I can't see on the west side. You've got to keep me goin' on the east side."

Johnny is not a messenger now.

## TRUTH FREELY DISTRIBUTED.



MISS BOTTLES.—Why, Mary, do you mean to say you want to go out again to-night? You were out two nights ago. I can't understand how it is you want to go out so often.

MARY.—Sure, Miss, you would if you were younger.

## RECREATIONS IN SCIENCE.

SCIENCE demonstrates that a man who weighs one hundred and fifty pounds on the earth, if transported to Jupiter, would weigh twenty-two and one-half tons. This seems plausible enough; but we have our opinion of the man who would go to Jupiter to have himself weighed, and then return home and lie about his weight down at the corner-grocery—offer to take an affidavit that the last time he was weighed he tipped the beam at forty-five thousand pounds. He would be mistaken for the man who composes circus-posters.

"THE SUN is fifteen million years old, and will last fifteen million years longer." This fact will quiet a great deal of anxiety and alarm. An impression had got abroad that the sun would last only fourteen million years longer. The sun holds its age well. Oldest inhabitants say that it does not look a day older than it did sixty-five years ago.

SOME STARS are so far away that their light, moving with a velocity of 192,000 miles per second, requires 50,000 years to reach our eyes; but by "colliding" with a half-open door, when groping about a dark room at midnight, the light of 128,640,000,000,000 stars, more or less, will reach our eyes simultaneously with their first appearance. W.

It is very wrong to keep a murderer cramped up in a small cell. He should be given full swing.



THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT.

A GRASSHOPPER, meeting an Ant when the biting wind of November was masticating its way over the Plain, humbly requested Pecuniary assistance until next Saturday.

"Why should I share my Store with you?" inquired the Ant: "Here I have passed the entire Summer in laying up Roots and Grain, and collecting Bad Debts, and making deposits in the Savings Bank. What have you been doing during the Heated Term?"

"May it please you," responded the Grasshopper: "I have been dancing."

"Very well," said the Ant: "now you may sing."

"Right you are!" exclaimed the Grasshopper: "it is a Big scheme."

And he at once went and got an Engagement to sing in Grand Opera at Five Thousand Dollars a night.

The Moral of this Fable teaches us that Plodding Industry is not only a Bore, but occasionally gets Left.

THE REASON WHY.



WHY dost thou hide that lovely eye,  
And shade its sunlight mellow?  
Ah, why not let its glances fly  
Like those of its sweet fellow?

Hast thou some fear of unknown pain  
To clasp thee on the morrow?  
Or dost thou see on life's dark main  
The wreck of some dead sorrow?

Oh, tell me, maiden, why, so shy,  
Dost thou thus coyly pass one?  
"Well, sir," she said: "I hide my eye  
Because it is a glass one."

THE HOUSEWIFE AND THE FOOLISH ROOSTER.

A HOUSEWIFE walking in the Barn-Yard one day said:

"I wonder which is the Fattest and Nicest of these Fowls."

Hearing which, several young Roosters, designing to "show off" their charms and exalt themselves before the Pullets, came forward, each making vain boasts to a better condition than his Fellows, and one of them, more Foolish than the others, crowded to the Front and said:

"Fortunately I am able to Prove what I say," and he lifted a wing and swelled himself out to his greatest Extent, exclaiming: "I am by far the finest fowl of the lot!"

"That's a fact," remarked the Housewife, and she straightway wrung his neck and made a nice stew of him for Dinner.

MORAL.—Pride goeth before a fall.

KISMET.

THE weather that makes good skating freezes the poor man.

The fate that takes the rich man's wife from him gives the poor employee a chance to go to a matinée on the day of the funeral.

The man with no money in his pocket has an appetite like an ostrich, while the millionaire has dyspepsia and cannot eat anything.

The man who can't swim falls out of a boat and is drowned; but the man who can swim all day without tiring is crushed on a railroad.

Champagne that undermines your health is bought up at three dollars a dozen, while the medicine that perpetuates your health is offered at fifty cents a bottle, and no takers.

The old fifty-cent hammock-hat will stick to your head as though it grew there in the hardest storm; but a brand-new high hat will blow off when there is scarcely any wind, or else it will fall off the hat-stand, and be crushed or sat upon.

The old man who didn't make a fortune when he was young, but knows just how he could if he were young again, is obliged to do chores for his board, while the young, vigorous man doesn't want a fortune, so long as he can sit on a barrel and whittle sticks all day.

All of which proves that this is a queer old world, around which PUCK can put a girdle of his ANNUALS and PICKINGS whenever he feels like it.

ONE OF OUR PLEASANT SOCIAL CUSTOMS.



TO BEG FOR A LITTLE MUSIC—



AND THEN TURN OUR BACKS ON THE PLAYER, AND PLUNGE INTO ANIMATED CONVERSATION AMONG OURSELVES.

OLD CLOTHES.

EVERY one knows that there is more comfort in an old than in a new garment. An old coat makes you feel lively and active, while a new one makes you sit up straight and conduct yourself with dignity.

An ancient felt hat is so comfortable that you wear it as long as possible. You wear it fishing and shooting, after it becomes too dilapidated to appear in on the street. You always wear this hat at tennis, or anything else that savors of fun. Your prim, dignified high hat you wear to church and funerals.

An old vest is also a blessing in itself. You are not afraid of spilling grease on it; you don't care whether the buttons come off or not; you know that it is easier than when it was new, and that you can get more happiness out of it in a minute than you can out of your white duck vest in a year. If you happen to be eating eggs or drinking tomato-soup, you would decorate your white vest until it became red and golden. In your old vest, you would never spill a drop.

The only old garment that is less comfortable than a new one is the ancient collar, with button-holes large enough to stick your head through, and an edge on it like a buzz saw, that works up and down the back of your head until it shaves your neck as smooth as the story of an advertising-agent.

## A MATRIMONIAL PROSPECT.



MY SADIE AURELIA, she drives every day,  
By the side of the sea where the bright billows play,  
And uncommonly pretty she looks as she sits  
In a tailor-made costume, the neatest of fits,  
And handles the ribbons with sportsman-like zeal,  
And her fingers are little, but firmer than steel.  
The turn-out is as neat as you'll find far and wide,  
And a trim little tiger sits perched by her side.

Ah, lovely is Sadie, and happy am I  
To be blessed with her bow as she passes me by,  
For she smiles upon me in her beauty and style,  
And sweet is her glance when she deigns to beguile.  
And you wonder, perchance, why I don't take the cue  
So graciously given, and venture to woo,  
And o'er the smooth road of love's future to glide,  
Displacing the tiger who sits by her side.

Well, yes, she is fair—she is lovely, in truth,  
She has gold, she has grace, she has wit, she has youth;  
And I think she'd have me, if I asked hard enough—  
And the road of the future 's not like to be rough.  
But—steel are her fingers, and steel is her eye,  
And—just look at her touch as she flicks off that fly!—  
Ah, how should I like it, to win such a bride,  
And to be—just the tiger who sits by her side?

## HEALTH HINTS.

NEVER go to bed with your clothes on.  
Never sleep with your eyes open.  
Never drink a cocktail after dinner.  
Never go out to nurse yellow-fever sufferers.  
Never eat off your razor.  
Don't look down the barrels of a gun to see if it is loaded.  
Never kindle a fire with kerosene.  
Never fool with a buzz-saw.  
Never try to conciliate a strange dog with kind words.

## WINKLE'S ASTONISHING STORY.

WINKLE is a mighty fisherman, and being lately out all day whipping the streams and casting in the ponds, he, as the shades of night were falling fast, was wending his way homeward, when he espied a magnificent black bass. Now, his flies were all gone, but thinking that in the gathering dusk the fish might not notice the difference, he baited his hook with a worm and gently dropped it in the stream. And this is what Winkle solemnly avers took place:



C. B. S.

## SHE KNEW HER PLACE.

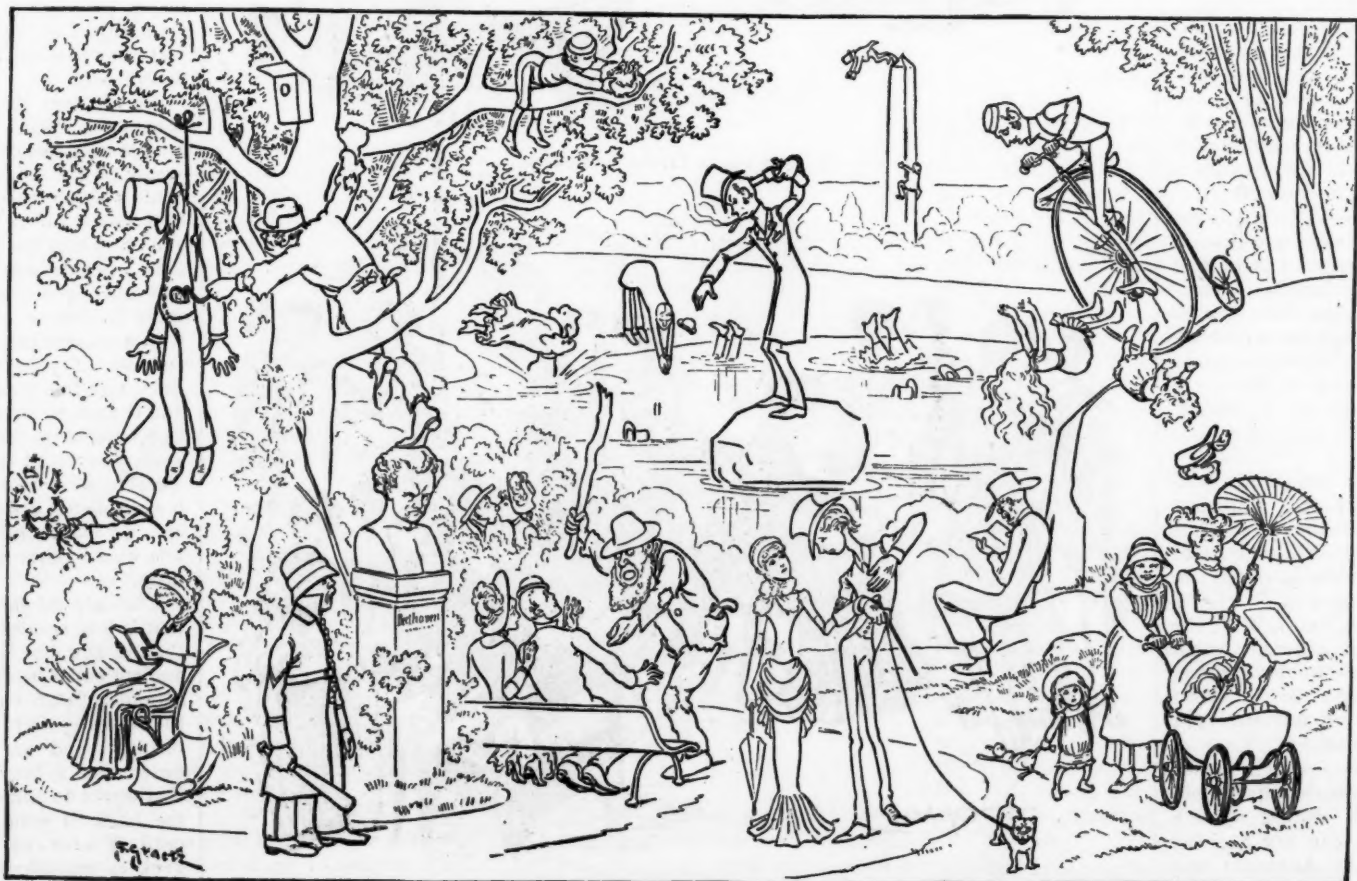


MISS EVANGELINE (leading lady at the Highlow Theatre).—You say your name is Mary. Well, if I engage you, you may have Sunday afternoon and evening out.

MARY.—That'll not suit me at all. When I work for an actress, I take Saturday afternoon and evening out. The actress don't come home to dinner, and she furnishes me with two seats for the matinée.

THE temperature of the moon is at least 200° below zero, and it is highly edifying to mingle among the oldest inhabitants who congregate around the village bar-room stove in midwinter, and listen to their lies about the cold January of 100,781 years B. C., when water froze while boiling on the stove. The hypothesis, however, that the temperature of the moon is 200° below zero is evidently a false one. If the theory were tenable, the United States Government would have sent an exploring expedition there to freeze to death.

## THE PARKS OF NEW YORK.



A NOT TOO FANCY SKETCH OF THEIR FUTURE.

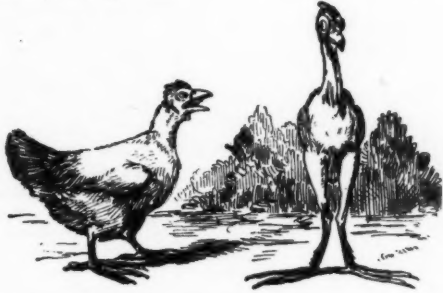


## The Curse of Disobedience.

AN ILLUSTRATED LECTURE FOR OUR YOUNGER READERS.

### CHAPTER I.

"Now, Edwin," said a mother to her offspring: "you are old enough to scratch gravel for yourself. Go out into the world; I have nothing to give you but my blessing and this bit of advice: Mind your own business, and touch nothing that does not belong to you." And with tears in her eyes she threw her left wing around her loved one's neck, and they separated.



### CHAPTER II.

"Ah!" says Edwin, who, although scarcely out of his dear mother's hearing, has already forgotten her advice:



"Here is a basket of corn, and I am hungry."



CHAPTER III.  
Yielding to temptation.



CHAPTER IV.  
Greediness.



CHAPTER V.  
Gluttony.



CHAPTER VI.  
After emptying the basket, rests a bit.



CHAPTER VII.  
Locomotion impossible.



CHAPTER VIII.  
Flight equally so.



CHAPTER IX.  
Exhaustion.



CHAPTER X.  
Another futile attempt.



CHAPTER XI.  
Acknowledges corn and dies.

## TWO DATES.

### MAY FIRST.

"Nice house, is it?"  
"Fine!"  
"Newly furnished, I suppose?"  
"Everything brand-new."  
"Not too much shade—just enough to make it cool and pleasant?"  
"Just enough!"  
"Near the dépôt?"  
"Yes."  
"About three minutes' walk?"  
"Just about."  
"Good view from the windows?"  
"Splendid!"  
"Garden, I suppose?"  
"Certainly."  
"Nice neighbors?"  
"Couldn't be better."  
"Lawn in front of the house?"  
"Of course."  
"No malaria?"  
"Not a bit."  
"Well, I'll take it. Pay in advance?"  
"Yes."

### OCTOBER FIRST.

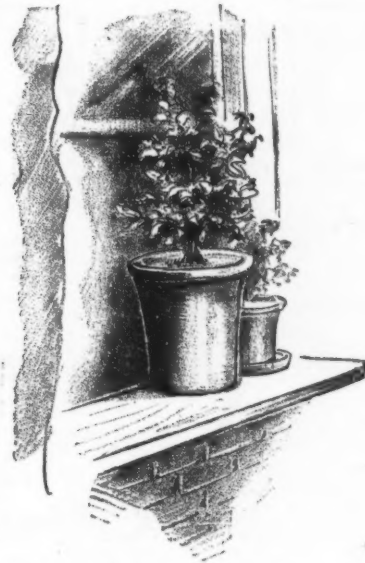
"That's the meanest house I ever lived in."  
"I'm surprised."  
"The furniture was all worn out."  
"No?"  
"And there wasn't a shade-tree within twenty rods. Hot as an oven."  
"Is that so?"  
"And it took about an hour to get to the train."  
"Well! well!"  
"And there's a house right beside it that shuts off all the view—can't see a thing."  
"Can't?"  
"You couldn't find enough earth around it to plant a rose-bush."  
"You don't tell me?"  
"The neighbors are disgusting."  
"Really?"  
"It sets plump on the dusty road—not a sign of a lawn."  
"You don't mean it!"  
"Every one of my children and my wife are all down with malaria."  
"Well, I declare!"  
"Now, look here, sir. I have just come in to tell you that it wasn't at all what you said it was—not at all, sir; that you wanted to rent the house, and deliberately lied!"  
"I must have."

## THEIR AGES.

"Who are those ladies?" asked a stranger, pointing to two popular actresses: "Mother and daughter?"  
"No," replied an envious critic: "they are mother and grandmother."

## A Course of Evolution.

A TALE OF WOMAN'S WIT AND AN ACCIDENTAL FIT.



I know not her name; but she walked down the street  
With a smile that was bright, in a hat that was neat,  
And her look of serenity told that she knew  
She was prettily dressed—very prettily, too.



But the look disappeared, when plump down on  
her head  
From a window came tumbling a flower-pot red.  
First she frowned—then she smiled—then—she  
wore it. For that's  
Exactly the fashion in feminine hats!

## Business Is Business.

"Where's the conductor?" asked a very flashily-dressed man on a New Jersey railroad, recently.

"It doesn't make any difference where he is. I say you can't have that seat turned over," said the brakeman, testily.

"I don't care what you say," retorted the passenger angrily: "I want to see the conductor."

"You?"

"Yes, me."

"See the conductor?"

"Yes, see the conductor. And I ain't going to wait much longer, either."

"You ain't?"

"No, I ain't."

"Who are you?"

"Well, it don't matter *who* I am."

"It don't?"

"No, it don't."

"Don't?"

"That's just what I said."

"Well, you can't see the conductor until he comes here."

"When will he come here?"

"Don't know. You had better ask him."

"Well, I will ask him when he comes."

"Who? You?"

"Yes, me."

"You?"

"Ya-as, me."

"What's the matter?" asked the conductor, who had been attracted to the car by the noise.

"You know me, Bill?" remarked the passenger.

"Yes, I know you."

"Well, this brakeman says I can't have this seat turned over."

"Well, that is the rule of the company."

"You know me, Bill," said the passenger, significantly.

"Yes, I know you; but you know the rules—"

"Rules be blown, Bill. You know me."

"Yes, I know you; but I couldn't turn that seat over for the President of the United States."

"All right, Bill, you know me."

"Yes, but I can't help it."

"All right," replied the passenger: "In the future I shall buy my ticket of the station-agent. You know me, Bill."

At the next station the seat was turned. Business is business in railroading just the same as in anything else. B. N.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to know "how to preserve the hair." One good way is to have it worked into a watch-chain.



I.  
Oh! yes, I've just come from Paree,  
Mais oui!  
That heavenly city, Paree,  
Pard!  
J'ai rapporté most beautiful dresses,  
And la dernière mode as to my tresses,  
And a very choice lot of argot,  
Just to show  
That I vraiment have been to Paree.

II.  
I would swear by the "nom d'un chien"  
Pour rien.  
I have the true chic Parisien  
Très bien.  
have Judic's last wink, so expressive,  
And Bernhardt's triste smile, so oppressive.  
Add to these the French je ne sais quoi,  
And, ma foi,  
I am dangerous, je vous prévient.

III.  
I scarce speak a word of anglais,  
C'est vrai.  
I have been such siècles away  
Allez!  
But français I can jabber forever,  
I'd be thought une Américaine never.  
But, hélas! my maman and mon père  
So vulgaires,  
Spoil my neatest effects every day.

IV.  
I am now looking for un mari,  
J vous dis.  
An elderly, wealthy parti  
Aussi.  
Who won't mind if he finds me expensive,  
But will open un crédit extensive.  
And if any one knows where I can  
Find that man,  
And will tell me, I'm his, pour la vie!

## TO HUMANITARIANS ABOUT GOING INTO THE COUNTRY.

OUR ARTIST HAS ATTEMPTED TO PORTRAY THE MELANCHOLY FATE OF A PET CAT WHO WAS LEFT BEHIND BY THE FAMILY.



Second Day.



One Week.



Ten Days.



Two Weeks.



One Month.



Requies—Cat.

## Advice to Mothers.

Specially Collected from Various Trustworthy Sources by Puck.

Make your children mind you. Obedience is the first law of the family.

Be stern.

Spare the rod and spoil the child.

Be severe.

Be kind to your children.

Be firm.

Never whip your children.

Be gentle.

Never lie to your children.

Never hit your child with an axe, or a club, or a broom-handle, or a red-hot stove-lid.

Never shoot your children with a revolver, a shot-gun, a deringer or a repeating-rifle.

Never lie before the children. Always wait until they have gone to bed.

Never permit your children to over-eat.

Let your children eat when ever and whatever they please.

Never permit your children to drink gin, whiskey, brandy, rum or champagne to excess.

Never permit your daughter to marry a Mormon.

Never smoke before your children.

Never kill any one or rob a savings-bank in the presence of your children.

After your children are married, never let them live with you. It is cheaper to live with them. (This is important.)

Never let your son become a politician, or a financier, or a cowboy, or a leading American humorist.

AN IOWA farmer recently met a young man who was engaged to be married to his oldest daughter, and after cowhiding him and cutting off one of his ears with his knife, knocked him down and kicked his lung out of place. The old gentleman objected to the young man because he wasn't a professing Christian.

A WATER-SPOUT—A Temperance Lecture.

A CURRENT ITEM is to the effect that "the richest man in Portland, Oregon, began life by buying a calf-skin on credit, tanning it and selling it for ten dollars. The only trouble a good many ambitious young men have in following his example is in securing the credit.



SCENE AT A THEATRE BOX-OFFICE.

*As It Should Be.*

VISITOR.—I should like to have two seats for to-night.

TICKET-SELLER.—Certainly, sir. Do you like to sit close to the stage or in the middle of the house?

V.—I prefer to sit in the middle of the house. I should like to have two seats on the centre aisle, about ten rows back.

T. S.—I am very sorry, sir, but we haven't those seats for to-night. I can give them to you for to-morrow.

V.—No, I must come to-night.

T. S. (*cheerfully*).—Well, then, let me see what is the best I can do for you. I can give you two seats on the centre, twelfth row, or on the side aisle, sixth, seventh or ninth row.

V.—Well, which are the best?

T. S.—Those in the twelfth row, sir. The house is short, and they are only a few feet back of the middle of it.

V.—Well, I'll take those. How much?

T. S.—Three dollars, sir. Thank you.

*As It Generally Is.*

V.—I should like two seats for to-night.

(*Ticket-seller throws out two tickets.*)

V.—Well, where are those?

T. S.—Fifteenth row, side aisle.

V.—I don't like that situation.

T. S.—Best we've got.

V.—Can't you give me two a little nearer to the stage?

T. S.—Yes. (*Throws out two other tickets.*)

V.—Where are these.

T. S.—G ten and twelve.

V.—Well, but where is that?

T. S.—There. (*Slams down diagram.*)

V.—Well, will you kindly point them out?

T. S. (*muttering*).—Infernal yokel! (*Points hastily.*)

V.—I don't like those.

T. S.—Well, what do you want, anyhow?

V.—A little common civility. Good-morning.

OUR NURSE-GIRLS—A FACT.



Mistress goes away for the day, and tells nurse-girl to take children to the seaside.



At the seaside. Nurse disappears—children lost—lots of other children lost.



EXPLANATION—NURSES AT THE RACES.

BAXTER STREET MILITARY.



CAPTAIN.—Eyes front! Take der taffy out der camp, Jimmie. How d'yer t'ink I'm goin' to keep up de discipline?

ADVICE TO YACHTSMEN.

AS THE yachting season is about over, and many beginners will be in the field—or water—next season, we offer the following points for their instruction:

Never weigh the anchor in grocer's scales. Always use hay-scales. The anchor will fit them better.

Never shorten sail with a cross-cut saw. It is better to file it down with a metal rasp.

Never reef the mainsail on a coral reef. It is cheaper to use common rock, and you don't have to go so far after it.

Never take the sun in the day-time. Always take it at night. You're sure to get caught at it in the day-time.

Never let go the jib-sheets. If you do, how do you know you'll ever get them back again?

Never go to starboard, if you can help it. Stick to port. It costs more than beer, but it's a high-toned sort of drink.

Never keep her full. She might be arrested and sent up for six months.

Never pipe all hands on deck. Take them ashore in New Jersey, where the smell of the pipes can spread abroad among the mosquitos.

Never wear ship on Sunday. Ship is good enough wear for week-days; but you ought to be willing to put on a boiled shirt on Sunday.

Never blow out the deadlights. Always turn them down low and then put the extinguisher over them.

Never navigate on a rhumb line. You know why.

## WHY THEY DO IT.—SOME EXPLANATIONS FOR A PUZZLED WORLD.

## WHY MR. HARDUP EATS A LIGHT LUNCHEON.

"Yes, I'm a light eater at noon. Somehow I never have any appetite in the middle of the day. It would be literally impossible for me to sit down and make a hearty meal at this hour. I guess it's because I'm a little bit dyspeptic, but the only things I can eat are a few radishes or a pretzel, or maybe a slice or two of bologna sausage and a bit of rye-bread. Yes, sir, that's my lunch, and I generally have a glass of beer to wash it down with. And it's very queer you can't get such a meal in a first-class restaurant.

"I tried Delmonico's, and one or two places of that sort, but I wasn't suited, and finally I had to come in here, where they have a re-



markable free lunch, and I get exactly what I want and what my system requires. Try one of these radishes. They're very nice and cool."

## WHY MR. SHORTBOTTLE DRINKS.

"Will I have a drink? Well, I don't care if I do, and, George, you may put a leetle bit of gum in the Santa Cruz, just to kinder take the edge off it. Do I drink often? Yes, once in a while; but sometimes I'll go mebbe a year without having a taste on't. I don't take rum because I like it. Not a bit of it. If I hed my way there wouldn't a drop of the stuff pass my lips from one end of the year to the other. I only take it as a medicine when I feel all shriveled up with the cold, or parched with the heat, or when I've a tooth-ache or rheumatism, or suthin' the matter of me.

"Another? Well, I don't know but what it'd do me good. Gimme the same, George.



You see, my old game leg's been a-worryin' of me since mornin', 'n' this 'ere rum just seems to reach the right spot."

## WHY CELIA MALONEY TAKES IN WASHING.

"An' is it meself that 'd be takin' in the durty washin' of them O'Briens? No, Ma'am; that story was started by Biddy Maginnis, her as has the green oi of jealousy upon me iver



since Mick, me husband that's dead and gone—God rest his soul—came a-coortin' of me. An' it's well off that same Mick left me. All I had to do was to fold me hands and be the foine

lady as long as I pleased. I thried it a bit, but—Lord love ye—I was that lonely I couldn't hardly hould me breath fur want of company.

"So, thin, merely to pass the time away in a sociable manner, I tuk in the washin' av one or two rale foine families there is about here, simply to accommodate thim, ye understand, 'n' not on account av the beggarly bit of money they hands me the Sat'day night. Ye can de-pind upon it, Ma'am, that whatever Celia Maloney does she'll do in a dacint, gintale manner, 'n' widout askin' I've av ivery ould harri-dan on the block."

## WHY DEACON POGRAM "TAKES IN" THE BURLESQUE SHOW WHEN HE VISITS NEW YORK.



"Wa-al, they's been a good deal said abaout goin' to the theayter, 'n' aour parson's a young man with some new-fangled idees, 'n' he's been a-tellin' aour young folks abaout the dram-mer bein' improvin' 'n' all sich talk. So I jist made up my mind I'd take a look for myself the next time I was here, 'n' then I could kinder tackle him on his own ground when I come back.

"Naow, this arfternoon I see some picturs on the walls of gals in fancy clo's—all-fired good-lookin' gals they was, tew—'n' I thought mebbe I'd drop in where they was actin', 'n' see for myself what a show of that kind was like. So, stranger, ef ye'll tell me the quickest way to get to that 'ere theayter, I'll be obliged. Mebbe I might see more on it from a seat in the front row.

## MUSICAL PROGRESSION.



PIANO—ECSTASY.



FORTISSIMO—AGONY.



CALLED OUT.

THE play was good, without a doubt,  
It made a great sensation;  
And so they called the author out,  
To get the approbation.

He came on shrinking, mute and white,  
The picture of a felon,  
And to the public's wild delight  
He dodged a watermelon.

The crowd remarked, "'Twas neatly  
done!"  
And he, the author, trembled,  
While four big duck-eggs, number one,  
Upon his eye assembled.

He did not give them heed or care,  
Because his brain was loaded;  
But as he bowed, now here and there,  
The prompter's box exploded.

He took all this as Fortune's whim,  
While with his cuffs he trifled,  
But then a voice did cry to him:  
"The cash-box has been rifled!"

This statement made his smile a leer,  
And he who had been clapped o'er  
By many hands, did disappear,  
Blaspheming, down a trap-door!

CUPID JONES.

PET PHRASES.

*Which we would like to see eliminated  
from all dramatic productions.*

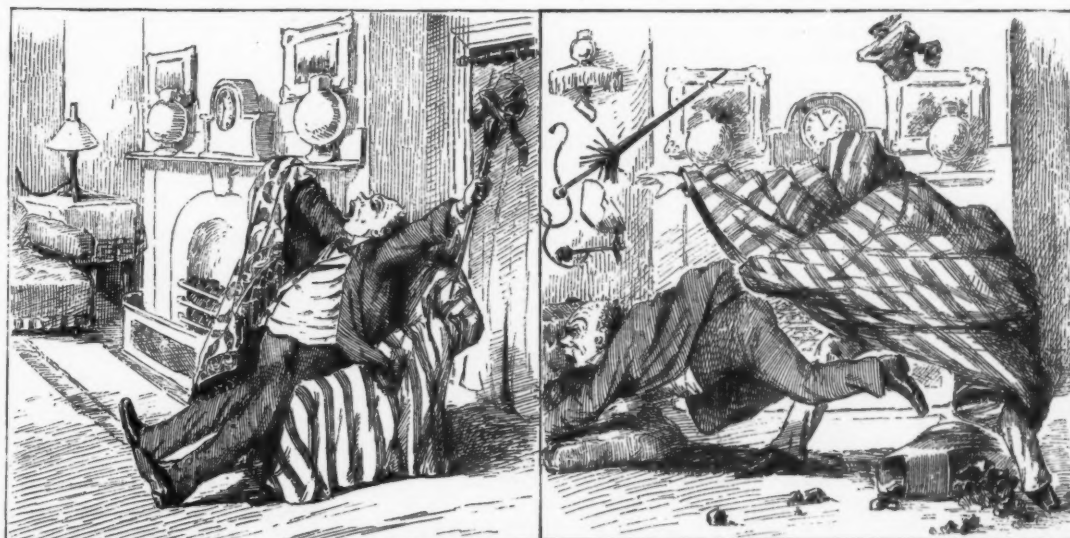
—All goes well.  
—I am better now.  
—Let us talk apart.  
—We are observed.  
—Come hither, boy.  
—Perfidious wretch.  
—At last I am alone.  
—The dastard villain.  
—Unhand me, villain!  
—Must we, then, part?  
—But I must dissemble.  
—Let us forget the past.  
—Base villain, leave me!  
—Her relentless pursuer.  
—Talk not to me of love.  
—Begone, ungrateful child!  
—Is this a time for jesting?  
—And may a father's curse—  
—He drove me from his door.  
—Take back your sordid gold.  
—Before heaven I am innocent.  
—I will follow him to the death.  
—I have never ceased to love you.  
—Gimlet, the detective, never fails!  
—The dear old home is unchanged.  
—Stand off, if you value your life!  
—Your tale has touched me deeply.  
—His presence fills me with loathing.  
—At nine, then, by the old castle  
gates.  
—Are you, then, absolutely implac-  
able?  
—Believe me, I would not for one  
instant—  
—Go, and may Heaven forgive  
you as I do.  
—Don't trifle with me; I have you  
in my power.  
—I will be revenged for this, Jas-  
per Harcourt.  
—They little know that beneath  
this smiling face—  
—Augustus, I swear to you that  
never for one moment—  
—Wed you, Wynbert Mandolin?  
Never! I would beg first!  
—Twenty years ago your father  
confided to me this document.  
—In Dakota our terrible story is  
unknown. There a happy home  
awaits us, my darling.

HOW MR. CHINNYWICK SAW A GHOST.



ANGELINA (whose father has forbidden Charles to visit his daughter).—Oh, Charley, there is pa! What shall we do? Here, this chair-cover, quick!

Tableau of innocence when the old gentleman enters room. Charles seated on the coal-scuttle, resembles an easy-chair.



O. G. (who has been to a convivial gathering).—My dear, please bring me a glass of water. (Removes incumbrances and throws himself into easy-chair.)

Astonishing result.



Tableau No. 2. Love's last adieu.

O. G.—Why, my dear, whatever is the matter?  
ANGELINA.—Why, pa, you have just fallen over the easy-chair and upset the scuttle. Did you ever!

O. G.—Bless me! I thought I had seen a ghost. The last cigar or something must have been a little too strong for my head.

## HE COULD BEAT THAT GAME.

THOMAS JONES was sitting on the beach at a New Jersey watering-place. Thomas was a good young man. He never stayed out later than four o'clock in the morning, and was always able to climb up-stairs by the aid of the balustrade. The chief feature of Thomas was his nose. It was not a particularly long nose, nor was it unusually broad. But it had a color that was all its own. Down at the muzzle it was a dark, veined purple, like a rich old California grape. A little further up it was crimson, like the claret at a fifty-cent *table d'hôte*. Up at the breech it was a dark and dismal yellow. Those who knew Thomas said he had not come by this nose by accident, but had fairly and honorably earned it.

As he sat upon the sea-beach he became aware of a great commotion. The water began to boil and foam and roar. Then something long and dark shot into the air. It was the head of some tremendous marine monster. Jones's friend Thompson, who was near, rushed up and said:

"Tom, look, look!"

"All right; I'm looking," said Jones, calmly.

"It is the sea-serpent!" exclaimed Smith, in a state of intense excitement.

"It looks like the sea-serpent," said Jones. Then, turning to Smith, he continued: "You appear to be excited."

"Of course I am. Aren't you?"

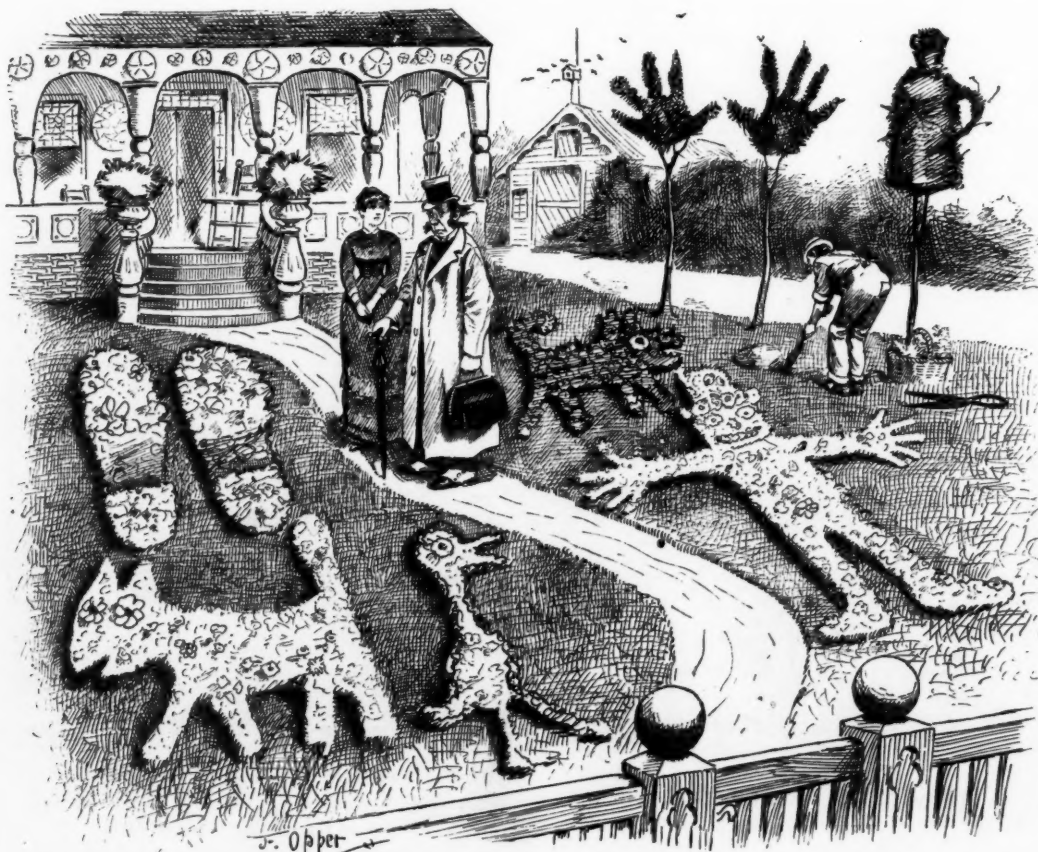
"Not a bit of it," said Jones: "They can't scare me with any of them Jersey lightning snakes. I admit that it's bigger than an ordinary rye-whiskey snake, and even larger than a brandy snake; but I am game for it. Let 'em bring on their snakes; as long as they come only one at a time, I can stand 'em. They've tackled the wrong man, Smith; I can beat this game every time."

## IT WAS HORRIDLY AWKWARD.



Yes, they were staying at a "Summer Resort," and it was rather disagreeable to have everybody so painfully aware of the fact that it was their wedding-tour. So he made a desperate, sneaking sort of appeal to their confidential waiter. "Look here," he said: "this is very disagreeable, all these—ah—people taking us for a bridal couple, don't you know, Peter. Ah—couldn't you—ah—if anybody asks about us—just—well—clear their minds of that idea. 'Tisn't so. Do you catch the notion, Peter? Here—ah—just take that, will you?" And Peter took it, and smiled confidentially and discreetly, and said he understood, and that he'd see to it, yessir. And the next day at dinner the people in the hotel behaved in the *strangest* manner—it was positively insulting, you know, and she said she had never been looked at in such a way in all her life before. And so, when they were leaving the table, he said to Peter, privately: "Peter, did you attend to that little matter I spoke to you about yesterday?" "Oh, yessir," said Peter, smiling confidentially: "oh, dear, yessir. I done it, sir—I see to it. I told 'em you wasn't no bridal couple, sir—hadn't never been married, sir. Oh, yessir, it's all right, sir!"—*Fliegende Blätter*.

## A GLAD SURPRISE.



During her husband's absence on a business trip, dear little Mrs. Childers employed a landscape gardener, who was recommended as being a "perfect artist." He had almost completed his work on Mr. C.'s return.

## THE YACHTS.

[Written on seeing a fleet of yachts anchoring in the Harbor of New London, Conn., immediately after supper, and remembering that they belonged to other parties.]

THE sails are reefed. Like spectre-birds,  
Their wings expanded light;  
They've chased the day 'twixt blue and blue,  
Now fold they for the night.  
Sought they this harbor old and gray  
To please me with their sight?  
Vain thought! Perhaps the stars for me  
Come forth on heaven's floor;  
Perchance to tell me ancient tales  
Far waves seek out the shore,  
And Autumn's frosts for me do change  
The green the Summer wore.  
But never was there turned to me  
The spray-dashed figure-head  
Of high-winged yacht. To seek for me  
No chart was ever spread,  
No sails were furled, no anchors raised,  
No trembling compass read.  
For I am poor. Then, brother, why,  
In peaceful harmony,  
Doth sing my heart? More gaily sing  
Than if the argosy  
Were all my own, and all its sails  
Did steal the breeze for me?  
For poor and rich the scales are held  
With equal good and ill.  
I see the yachts, but own them not.  
The rich do both; and still—  
Still sings my heart full merrily—  
The rich must foot the bill.

Thus, brother, learn how highest joy  
Oft brings the deepest woe;  
How lowly things oft bear a prize  
Outvies the gilded show,  
And how these lowly lines may fetch  
A golden plunk or so.

WILLISTON FISH.



A DIMINISHED TON.



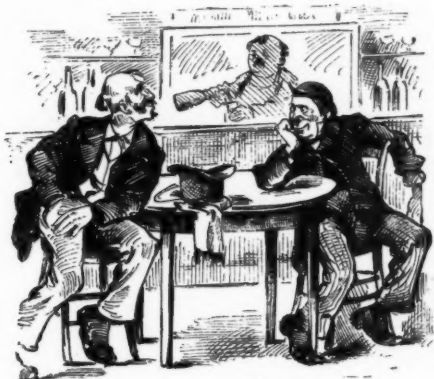
"Don't forget to order home a ton of coal, dear. Here is the money. It's a five-dollar bill. We are all out."



"Dear" goes in with the five to get it "changed," and comes out about a dollar short.



"Dear" meets a friend, and another dollar breaks loose from the original five.



"Dear" says: "Lemme see—(hic)—half-a-ton will do—(hic)—plenty. Le's have another!"



"Dear" meets more friends, and the balance shrinks rapidly to fifty cents.



But "dear" is equal to the occasion, and gets a bushel and murmurs, faintly but fondly: "'Ere I be, an'—(hic)—brought her coal home myself—(hic)—to save expense."

A LETTER TO SITTING BULL.

*Scott Way Suggests a Combination Lecture Tour to the Sedentary Old Sioux.*

I SEE by the papers that you have withdrawn from the gaze of an inquisitive public, and have declared your intention to retire to private life. Allow me to congratulate you, friend of mine, for private life is sweet, to those who can afford it. I am now enjoying some private life myself, and will continue to do it whilst the grocer is mute. I no longer try to sway a great people with a column of leaded long-primer once a week, and you are no more to stand up to be gazed on at fifty cents per gaze. You can probably sit in private life longer than I can, because the government will whack up some rations and a pair of army-trousers for you now and then, while it would turn away from me with cold and haughty air if I should plead for some rations and army-trousers; but I will hold out with you in private life just as long as I can get an occasional meal, and keep the inclement atmosphere from crawling through my system.

A private life will be sweet to you, friend of mine. I almost envy you when I think how you can put on your new number eleven stove-pipe hat, and sit and brood in silence over the dead past. I might say "the past dead," but I would not have you love me less. And you have so much dead past to think about. Your life has been so full of experiences—such an aggregation of events—such a wild pyrotechnic poem, while mine has been so plain and bare and unsatisfying. Probably you have been able to kill fifty men who have hitched puns to your name, while I have not the scalp of a single confirmed punster at my girdle. You have so much more to fill your life with joy than I.

In case we should find private life irksome, and should have to hustle out into the cold and selfish world once again, friend of mine, I have a

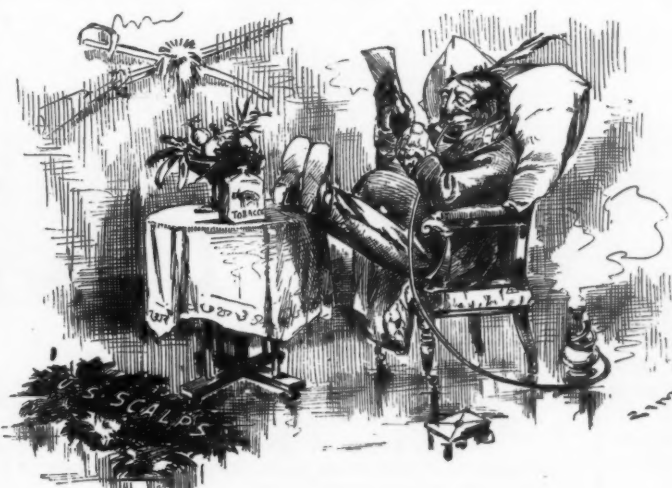
little scheme I want you to consider. I would propose that we join each other in a grand lecturing tour of the country, dividing the work between us in an equitable sort of way. For instance, I would act as treasurer, and you could stand at the inner door and receive the tickets and scalp the would-be bald-heads. Then we could go on the platform alternately, you leading off with ten minutes of humor, and I following with something full of woe and pathos—something extremely tear-starting.

The double-headed lecture combination is all the rage just now, and I believe that you and I, dear Sit, could give any audience the full worth of its money. It is quite plain to me that the Sioux school of humor would strike an intelligent audience in a brand-new place, and fill them full of strange and thrilling sensations. I am not familiar with the Indian school of humor myself, but I have heard that it is painfully funny—so funny that it has often caused a high death-rate. I would therefore advise, if you decide to join me in this proposed intellectual tour, that you do not at first be quite as funny as you can be.

If we should find, after the performance has begun, that there is danger of fatal results, either to the audience or to ourselves, I will let you ramble on for awhile in your own peculiar facetious way, whilst I steal out at the back door and meet you later a few miles up the railroad track.

In case you suffer with ennui, as you sit in private life brooding o'er your eventful past, do not forget this my proposition, dear old friend of mine, and if you decide to join me for a grand intellectual tour for fame and pelf, address me in care of PUCK.

SCOTT WAY.



## THE LATE ROLLER-SKATE MANIA.



[The lady of the house, having been startled by a loud crash from the kitchen, investigates.]

UP-STAIRS GIRL — Me and cook, Ma'am, was practising, so we could go to the rink Saturday night, when we made a bit of a slip-up, Ma'am, that's all.

## A CAR-DRIVER'S REVENGE.

A SQUARE jaw such as a prize-fighter might have worn was displayed under the projecting edge of a large helmet-hat on the front platform of a Sixth Avenue car on an early trip recently. Back of the hat there stood a tall, slender youth, dressed in the latest fashion, who leaned wearily against the window and languidly puffed a cigarette. As they turned into Carmine Street from the Avenue, a handsome young woman stepped out of a store and tripped up the street in the direction of the approaching car.

The occupant of the helmet-hat observed her at once, and, judging from her interested look, he was observed in return. Lifting his hand from the brake, he cocked the hat over his left ear, displaying a Rembrandt view of his countenance, spread his mouth, and worked his right eye-lid facetiously. The young lady smiled back and the car rolled merrily past. At this interesting juncture a sudden ring of the conductor's bell caused the driver to turn in the opposite direction, when a sight met his eyes which lent a new aspect to the scene.

The features of the tall young man were just being composed after an extensive smile, and he was replacing his hat, which had evidently been recently doffed.

The smile faded out of the square jaw, and a look of stern resolve slowly spread over its surface. Further down the track there lay a pool of water, thick with mud. Into this he plunged the left horse, urging its steps by a few well-directed cuts with his bob-tailed whip. The result even exceeded his expectations. A huge cake of soft mud struck the tall young man in the face, covering his features like a mask.

After the tall young man had gone into the car to scrape the mud out of his eyes, the driver again exercised his eye-lid with extreme satisfaction, and with the faintest trace of a chuckle he observed to himself:

"Oi'll learn a dood to flirt wid a female on der front platform when Mickey is a-dhrivin' de carr."

## RULES FOR PICNICS.

First.—Do not take more than one girl.

Second.—Do not take any girl.

Third.—Do not go to the picnic.

IF BEAUTY is only skin-deep, what beautiful creatures the rhinoceros and elephant must be!

## NEWSPAPER FACTS.

A MAN WILL work fourteen hours a day for six dollars a week in running a country paper of his own without grumbling; but if he was paid a dollar and a half a day for eight hours' work at any other employment, he would strike for more wages.

A DAILY PAPER that hasn't "a larger circulation than any other paper in the city" is owned and edited by a man whose respect for veracity should have induced him to enter some other profession.

THE PAPER that devotes the most space to denouncing "sensational journalism" generally puts the biggest and most startling head-lines over the details of a horrible murder.

WHEN A JOURNAL reduces its size and price "without decreasing its quantity and quality," the chances are that its reduced price is about three times more than it is worth.

THE EDITOR who bemoans the decadence of American humor makes a most dismal failure when he attempts anything in the humorous line himself.

THE PAPER that is most frequently alluded to as "our esteemed contemporary" is the most hated by its rivals.

THE PAPER that becomes a "phenomenal success" before it is a month old is the shortest-lived.

IT is the journal that was not started to fill a long-felt want that usually fills it the quickest.

A HALF-COLUMN of scandal will sell more paper than a three-column sermon.

## AN EASTERN VIEW OF IT.



CLIENT (in his lawyer's office).—Have you read this Mormon business lately? It's enough to make a man's blood boil to see the contempt those people have for the sanctity of the marriage relation—er—how is my divorce case coming on?



A FEW VARIETIES OF APRIL FOOLS.



A LITTLE FOOL FOR BEING BORN.



ONE FOOL FEWER.



THE BASHFUL FOOL.



THE COWARDLY FOOL.



THE POLITICAL FOOL.



A GOOD MANY FOOLS.

Plea for the Policemen.

THERE is a popular and generally accepted suspicion that some policemen are cowards. It is a vile, wicked slander of the deepest dye. There is a long list of things that no policeman, however delicate his nervous organism, is ever known to run away from. There is not a case on record where "one of the finest" has ever shown that he was afraid of:

A servant-girl at the basement door—if there is no one stirring on the block.

A brewery—when no other officer is in sight.

A muddy street—if he is stationed where handsome women are in the habit of crossing.

A "V" or an "X" for keeping one eye closed—if there is no chance of being found out.

A square sleep—when there is no danger of being caught napping.

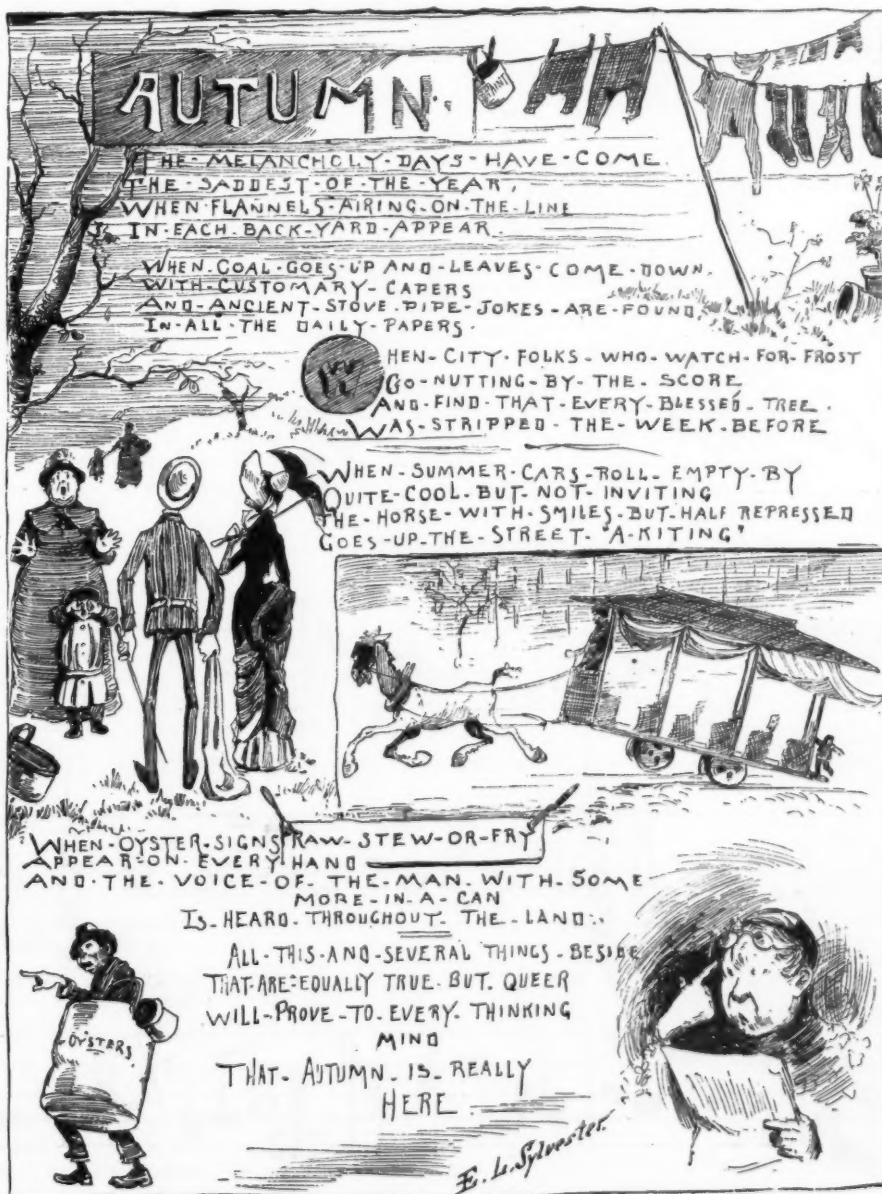
The family entrance—after the roundsman has just passed.

Swearing to a set of facts to suit himself in a police-court—if the prisoner has no friends, or is a personal enemy.

A side door—on Sunday. A summons before the Board of Police Commissioners—if he goes there simply as a witness against some other officer.

A gang—if he belonged to it before he went on the force.

A drunken man—if he is paralyzed. N. C.



Back-Stoop Philosophy.

TELLING the truth is easier than lying, and you are not so apt to get caught at it.

—I believe the worst of everybody, even myself, and I am rarely mistaken.

—Poverty is the worst of all evils. I wouldn't take a hundred thousand dollars to be a poor man.

—The spy has the exquisite pleasure of behaving like a thief, and yet remaining an honest man.

—Even if the skunk were the size of an elephant, he would never prove a paying side-show attraction.

—There are people who go to balls: which is quite comprehensible. But there are people who give balls. Which ain't.

—The man who carves at table is either an ass or a hog. If he takes the best piece for himself, he is a hog; if he doesn't, he's an ass.

—It is easier for a woman to return a kindness than a copper-bottomed preserve-kettle.

—There is no use crying over spilt milk. It is watery enough, in the first place.

—The wire mosquito-frame will not protect your window against the baseball, nor will a base-ball catcher's mask protect your nose against the mosquito.

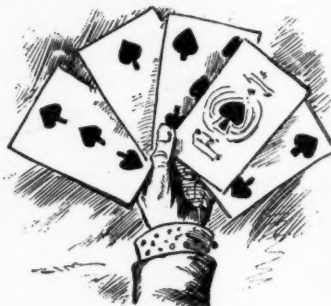
## PICTORIAL PARAGRAPHS.



UNDER THE HAMMER—Your Thumb.



THE WRITING ON THE WALL—Post No Bills.



A FARM-HAND—Five Spades.



A BOUNCING BOY—The Editor.

## THE PATRICK'S DAY PARADE.

WORDS NOT BY ED. HARRIGAN.

MUSIC BY DAVE BRAHAM AND E. ZIMMERMAN.

[PUCK'S VERSION, SUNG ON THE SEVENTEENTH.]



Saint Pat - rick was a gen - tleman, Sure its ea - sy that to see, Just

watch his peo - ple car - ry on So gay and bold and free. Call in the chil - dren

from the strate, And the girls must stay with - in the gate, And look out sharp to save your pate At the

Pat - rick's Day Pa - - rade. There's fight - ing fast and fight - ing free. Those who gaze may

chance to see Just how it looked in 'sixty-three, From the Pat - rick's Day Pa - - rade.



# A CAUSE FOR DEPRESSION.



"Oh, Leander, tell me truly, how do I look? Master has shaved me according to his own peculiar taste, and I feel like a ballet-girl on the first night of a new opera."

## ADVICE RIGHT IN SEASON.

NO, JOHN, never make love in a hammock. It is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked—we mean the hammock.

We know a young man, John, a very young man, who once undertook to pop the question in a hammock. He had been in the habit of sitting in that hammock every evening with that same girl, and he finally mustered up courage to speak right out to her. It was a beautiful June evening, and the moon was just beginning to shed a silvery radiance and a soft, seductive, how-came-you-there influence over the scene. The young man had one arm around the young lady's waist, and he said to her:

"Jane, don't you think it would be very nice to have a strong arm around you always, as it were, to support you in times of adversity and embrace you in hours of prosperity, to guard you against sudden dangers, to keep you, while on the thorny path of life, from stumbling and falling—"

And then there was a snap like that of a fire-cracker, the hammock went down, and the young lady turned two back-somersaults in the air and landed on her nose, damaging that shapely organ so that she couldn't leave the house for two weeks afterward. And when she did, John, she never spoke to that young man again. And she never sat in a hammock again, but had her love making attended to by a reliable young man who sat on a three-legged stool.

That's why we advise you to put not your trust in hammocks, John. We've been there, John. *Sabe?*

## HARD ON P.

"HERE," said Peterson, entering a store and throwing down a very gaudy red-and-black-striped suit: "take this thing back; I don't want it."

"But we don't take back bathing-suits after we have sold them once."

"I don't care; you may have this one; I don't want it."

"What's the matter with it?"

"Why, I was swimming in it off Long Branch, and a whole fleet of yachts took me for a buoy and rounded me. I don't want any more of that."

# OSCULA, SED DIC NUNQUAM.

(This is our secret-society motto.)

VASSAR COLLEGE, Poughkeepsie, July, 1886.

DEAR MR. PUCK:

You are always poking fun at our dear *Alma Mater*, Vassar. And, really, we girls don't see why. If anybody who didn't know us read your funny little jokes, he would certainly believe us all to be little geese. Now, just to show you that I do know *something* about domestic affairs, I send you a poem which combines cooking and chemistry. As it is sentimental, and not humorous, you won't publish it; but you can keep it to prove that a Freshgirl (I graduate in '88) isn't so very fresh, after all.

P. S.—It's against the rule to give our full names to gentlemen we haven't been introduced to.

and P. S.—Please let me know what you think of it.

LAURA B.

LAURA.

L.

## ODE TO A LOAF OF GRAHAM BREAD.

### I.—SENTIMENT.

Hydrocarbonaceous stuff,  
With thy crust so sweet and rough,  
Of thee ne'er I get enough.  
How I love thee in my bed,  
When with butter thou art spread,  
And some currant jelly red!

### III.—COOKING.

Take of Graham flour a pound,  
Half a-pound of rye well ground,  
And a pint of milk that 's sound.  
Spoonfuls two of sugar white,  
Two of Hosford's sub-phosphite,  
(This to make it sweet and light.)

### II.—CHEMISTRY.

Thou much gluten doth contain,  
(Gluten 's boss for brawn and brain,  
So we eat thee might and main.)  
Thy amount of starch is great,  
Much less sugar and phosphate,  
Lesser still of silicate.

### IV.—BAKING.

Add a very little bran,  
Then mix swiftly as you can,  
Pour when mixed into your pan.  
Bake it then upon the spot  
In your stove and range red-hot,  
And the treasure you have got.

### V.—SENTIMENT AGAIN.

Men resemble Graham bread—  
Some are dry and dull as lead,  
Some are dough in heart and head,  
But the true man 's crisp and sweet,  
Tender and yet full of heat,  
(Really good enough to eat.) F.

## WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

"I'll pay you for this cigar when I'm coming up-town this evening," said a dude, as he picked out a ten-cent straight in a Broadway store.

"We never give credit for goods sold at retail," said the clerk: "Very sorry, but that is our rule."

"Ah, to be sure," said the dude: "just put me up five hundred Henry Clays, and charge 'em."

But the clerk failed to catch the drift of the joke.

## THE YOUNG IDEA.

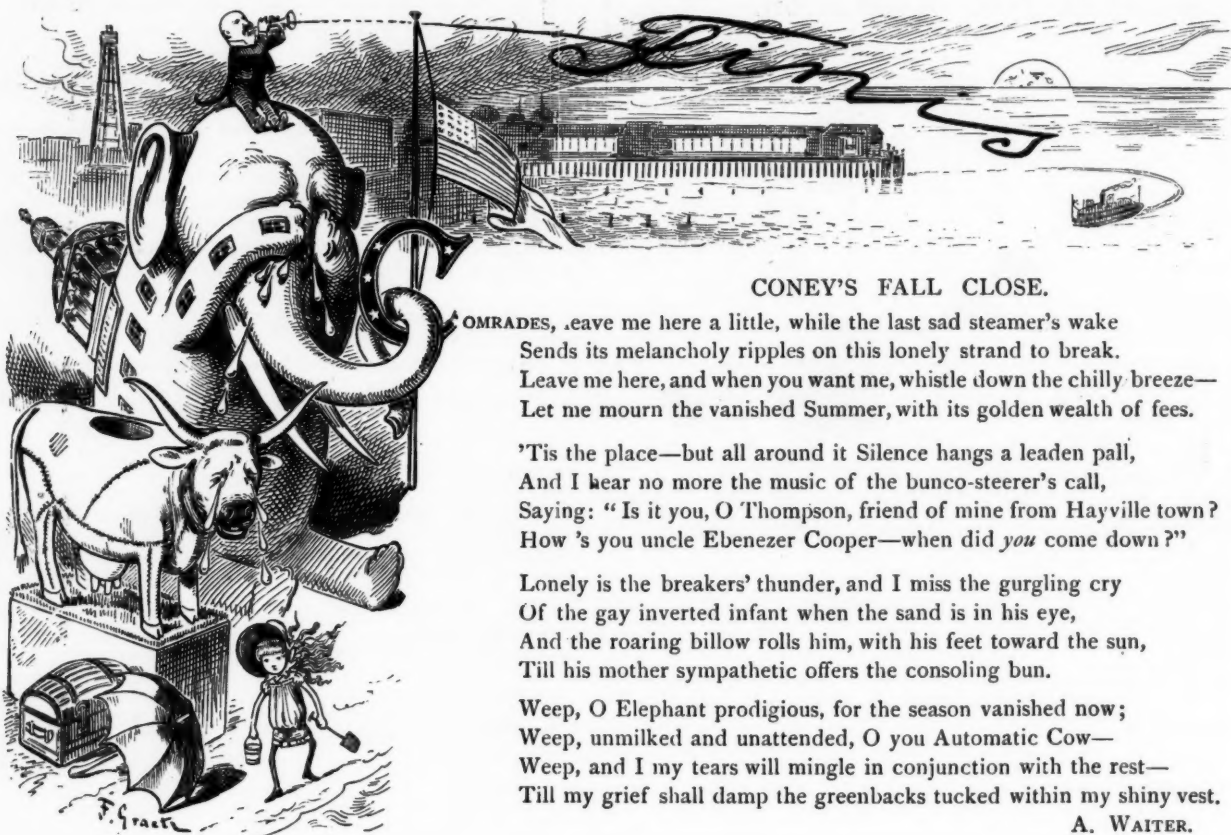


INQUISITIVE GRANDCHILD.—G'an'ma, what have you done with your teeth?  
GRANDMOTHER.—I ate them, my child.  
I. G.—And did g'an'pa eat his hair, too?

## LOST IN ADMIRATION.



MRS. O'TOOLE.—Faith it's wonderful what since thim dumb bastes have. It's ther chaze it skips off wid as big as loife. Nixt toime I'll be after putting the chaze *inside* of ther trap, where he can't git it at all, at all!



## CONEY'S FALL CLOSE.

OMRADES, leave me here a little, while the last sad steamer's wake  
Sends its melancholy ripples on this lonely strand to break.  
Leave me here, and when you want me, whistle down the chilly breeze—  
Let me mourn the vanished Summer, with its golden wealth of fees.

'Tis the place—but all around it Silence hangs a leaden pall,  
And I hear no more the music of the bunco-steerer's call,  
Saying: "Is it you, O Thompson, friend of mine from Hayville town?  
How 's you uncle Ebenezer Cooper—when did *you* come down?"

Lonely is the breakers' thunder, and I miss the gurgling cry  
Of the gay inverted infant when the sand is in his eye,  
And the roaring billow rolls him, with his feet toward the sun,  
Till his mother sympathetic offers the consoling bun.

Weep, O Elephant prodigious, for the season vanished now;  
Weep, un milked and unattended, O you Automatic Cow—  
Weep, and I my tears will mingle in conjunction with the rest—  
Till my grief shall damp the greenbacks tucked within my shiny vest.

A. WAITER.

## PARTICULAR PARAGRAPHS.

WHEN TWO deaf mutes get mad at each other they never speak with their hands as they pass by.

THE LITTLE that man wants here below and wants long must be the straw in a mint-julep.

*St. Nicholas* says that "the number of years the Esquimaux will spend in plodding away at the most simple things shows them to be probably the most patient people in the world." Now, what we wish to say is that, no matter how patient these people may be, we don't think they would have the patience to stand on a front stoop at two o'clock in the morning, with a stiff breeze blowing, and pick the overcoat-lining out of a night-key when the darkness made it impossible to see the key. We also think they would not have the patience to put 8,917,987 pieces of silk into a crazy-quilt, to be given to a church-fair for nothing.

"JEREMIAH BLACK once saved the life of a Portland, Me., woman, and she rewarded him by giving him a cigar." Well, she probably knew best what the service was worth.

SHE.—Going to the reception?

HE.—No.

SHE.—Why not?

HE.—No clothes.

SHE.—Neither have I.

HE.—Well, you can go that way; I can't.

## THE AWKWARD MAN AND HIS WAYS.



A Nice Young Man for a Very Small Tea-Party.

## PICKLED PROVERBS.

HONESTY is the best policy, and that is why it is counterfeited so much.

—A living dog is better than a dead lion, and a dead whale beats both.

—"Happiness is born a twin," and sorrow seems to be born a *Vigintillionett*.

—One must be in business with a man and in love with a woman to know them perfectly.

—It is said that "a man is a fool or a physician at 40." Some are both before they are 20.

—Shakspeare says: "The apparel oft proclaims the man." But it is oftener that the man claims and proclaims the apparel.

—"If we are the stuff that dreams are made of," it is a pity that the dream market should be so slack, for the world is filled with men who are "no good on earth."

—A bird in the hand may be worth two in the bush, but we'll take our chances on the bipeds in the shrubbery, every time.

—Absence makes the heart grow fonder, but you do not want to be away from your wife's society more than seven evenings out of the week.



Generally Leaves a Party with Several Yards of Trains Clinging to Him.



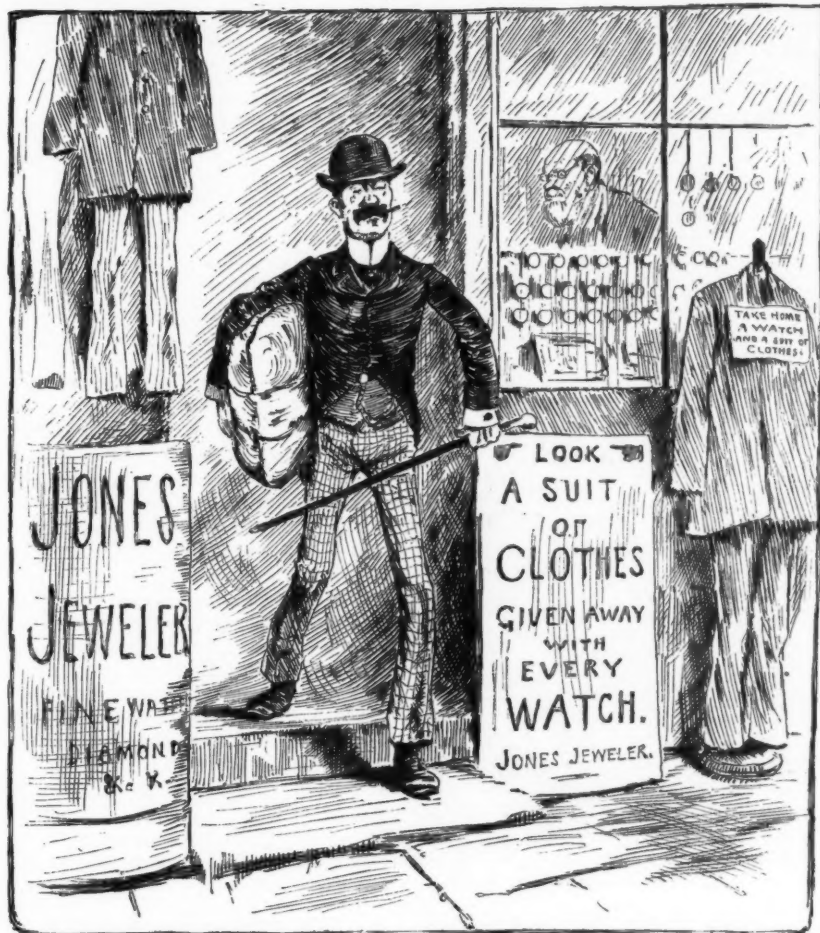
The More Easy He Attempts to be the More Damage He Does.



Never Goes Near a Table without Getting Mixed Up With It.



LET THE JEWELERS RETALIATE.



A watch given away with every suit of clothes.  
PETE ROGER & CO.

TRUTH WAS NOT MIGHTY.

A worn and weary tramp entered the office of a banker. The clothes he wore were in a state of worse disintegration than Mr. Blaine's record. The face of the tramp wore a prematurely aged expression, like that of the Bartholdi pedestal. He sighed heavily as he took off his hat, and said:

"Please, sir, give me a few pennies; I am very hungry."

Something in the man's voice caught the banker's attention.

"You don't look as if you'd always been a beggar," he said.

"I haven't, sir. I was getting along very well once; but left my business to go into another which, according to what I read in the papers, never failed to make men immensely rich. I'm trying now to get a little money together, so as to go back into my old business."

"What was your old business?"

"I was a portrait-painter, sir."

"And what was the business that you went into?"

"I became a plumber."

The banker rose up and glared upon the tramp.

"Get out!" said he: "you can't come and tell me any such stuff as that. If you'd said you were a plumber and went into portrait-painting, I might have believed you; but I can't swallow that sort of thing. Skip!"

"That's just it," mumbled the tramp, as he went out: "I could get rich, if I'd only lie; but when I tell my true story, no one will believe it. It's all owing to those confounded humorists."

IN EUFAULA, ALA., a few nights ago, a mad dog attacked the members of a dramatic troupe who were staying at the St. Julien Hotel. There seems to be worse acting this season than usual.

IMPROVED QUOTATIONS.

THREE fishers went yarning out into the West.

My only books  
Were woman's looks,  
And debt is all they've brought me.

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like office.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to work the roller-skate.

Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou wilt have restaurant chicken-soup.

Tell me not in mournful numbers  
Life is but an empty dream;  
For the soul of Winter slumbers,  
And we soon can eat ice-cream.

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,  
Long, long ago, long, long ago—  
The chestnuts that bloomed in my first baby  
year,  
Long, long, oh, long ago.

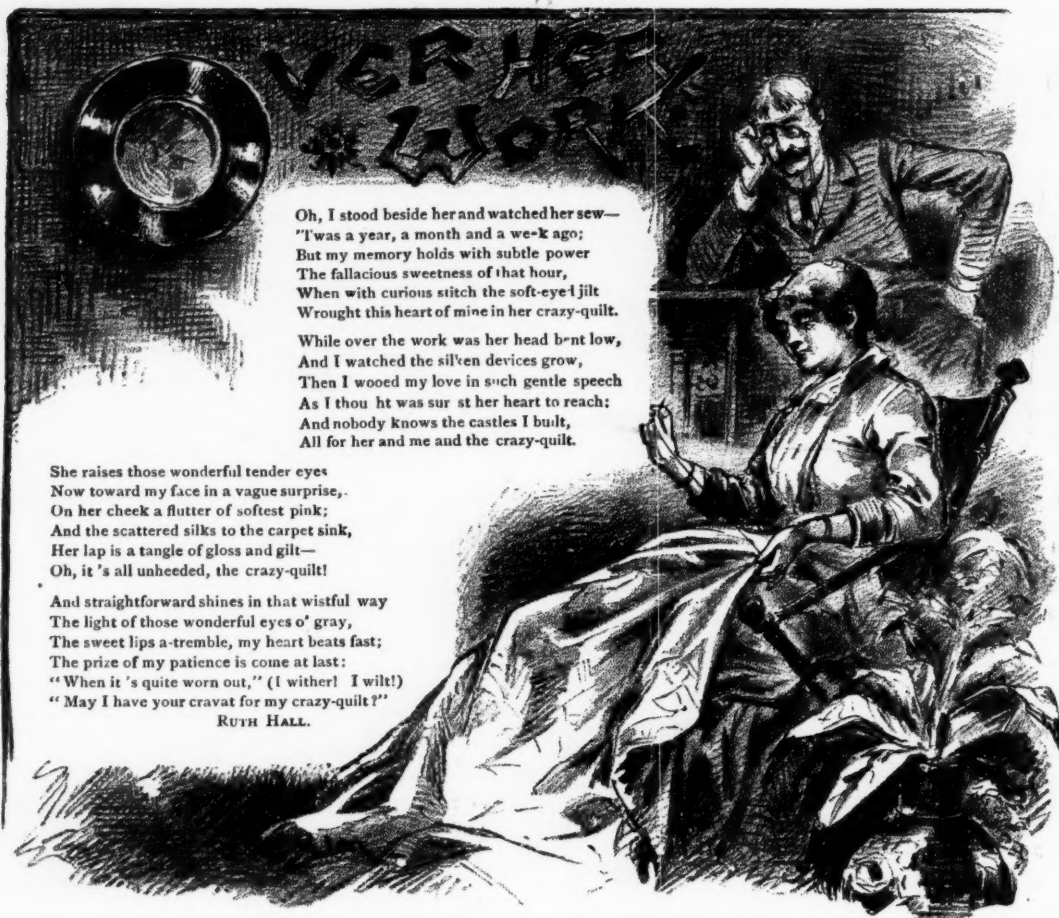
On second base or third base though we may  
roam,  
Be it ever so dusty, there's no base like home.

How'er it be, it seems to me  
'Tis only noble to be good;  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
But two knock-downs will beat first blood.

SILENCE IN THE BARBER-SHOP!



LET BARBERS BE REQUIRED TO WEAR DIVING-HELMETS—THEN THEY CAN SEE AND HEAR, BUT THEY CAN'T TALK.



Oh, I stood beside her and watched her sew—  
 'Twas a year, a month and a we-k ago;  
 But my memory holds with subtle power  
 The fallacious sweetness of that hour,  
 When with curious stitch the soft-eye I jilt  
 Wrought this heart of mine in her crazy-quilt.

While over the work was her head bent low,  
 And I watched the silken devices grow,  
 Then I wooed my love in such gentle speech  
 As I thou ht was sur st her heart to reach:  
 And nobody knows the castles I built,  
 All for her and me and the crazy-quilt.

She raises those wonderful tender eyes  
 Now toward my face in a vague surprise,  
 On her cheek a flutter of softest pink;  
 And the scattered silks to the carpet sink,  
 Her lap is a tangle of gloss and gilt—  
 Oh, it's all unheeded, the crazy-quilt!

And straightforward shines in that wistful way  
 The light of those wonderful eyes o' gray,  
 The sweet lips a-tremble, my heart beats fast;  
 The prize of my patience is come at last:  
 "When it's quite worn out," (I wither! I wilt!)  
 "May I have your cravat for my crazy-quilt?"

RUTH HALL.

#### ENTERTAINING A CUSTOMER.

THE following conversation occurred  
 in an up-town barber-shop:

BARBER (to customer in chair).—  
 Varm tay?

CUSTOMER.—Yep.

B.—Dot vas a gret game von pase-  
 pall nach der Bolo Grounds yestertay?

C.—Yep.

B.—Dose embire vos no goot?

C.—Nop.

B.—Dot var in Russia mit der English  
 beebles vas blayed oud, don'd it?

C.—Yep.

B.—Dot razor hurt you?

C.—Yep.

B.—Vot's dat?

C.—Nop.

B.—Varm tay?

C.—Yep.

B.—Dot razor hurt you?

C.—Yep.

B.—Vat's dat?

C.—Nop.

B.—Ven dey don'd sell pools by der  
 Goney Island races dot vas a mistake?

C.—Yep.

B.—Shampoo?

C.—Nop.

B.—Dot head vas full of dandruff.

C.—Yep.

B.—I guarantee to take dot dandruff  
 oud so he don'd come back no more.

C.—Nop.

B.—Next!

"HERE, WAITER," shouted a guest  
 in a Chicago hotel: "bring me a fork.  
 I can't eat pie with a knife."

"I beg your pardon, sir," exclaimed  
 the waiter, as he hurried after the mis-  
 sing utensil: "I have been misinformed.  
 I thought you came from Indiana."

#### THE DAY OF DOUBT.



"Say, Minzesheimer, dis vos gettin' a golt  
 day for Israel, don't it? First dem fellers on  
 Broadvay gets purnt owit, un' den Levy fails  
 un' Pronner fails, un' Moses gets married mit a  
 fet woman. Dot chosen beoples vos sellin'  
 zeckond choice now, don't it?"

#### ECCENTRICITIES.

THE summer hotel that isn't better, healthier,  
 and cheaper than any other in the country.

The Socialist who doesn't drop his Commun-  
 ism the moment he owns his own house.

The man who doesn't know how to run a  
 newspaper better than the editor.

The college valedictorian who doesn't know  
 more about both than either.

The millionaire who does to others as he  
 would like others to do to him.

The summer resort that openly admits the  
 presence of mosquitos.

The daily newspaper that hasn't the largest  
 circulation in the city.

The pug-dog that doesn't feel itself to be  
 better than its mistress.

The lawyer who refuses to defend a man he  
 knows to be guilty.

The doctor who discharges his patient before  
 the funeral.

The detective's clue that ever leads to a de-  
 tection.

#### THE FORCE OF HABIT.

MERCHANT.—He was an excellent book-  
 keeper. He kept our books for many  
 years in an exemplary way. I  
 should have kept him at it.

FRIEND.—What did you  
 do?

MERCHANT.—I made him  
 cashier.

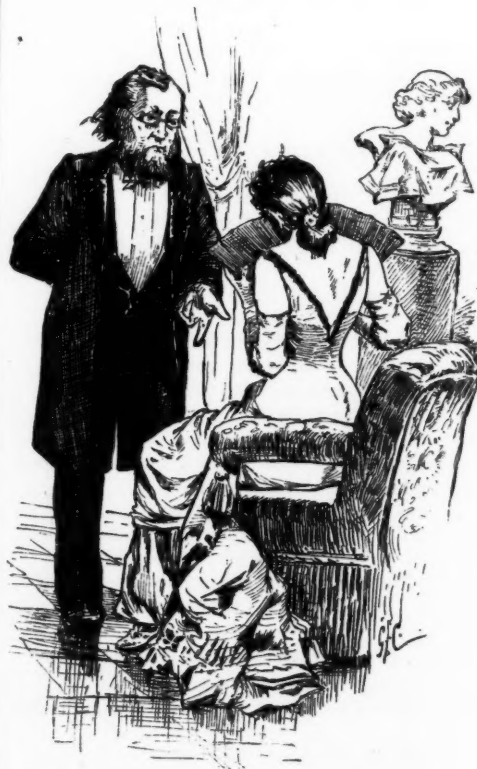
FRIEND.—How did he do  
 that work?

MERCHANT.—Excellently.  
 He kept the cash.



REJECTED "pomes" PUCK ne'er returns,  
 I'll bet you a half-a-dollar!  
 Except a few of the choicest ones,  
 In the shape of a paper-collar.

#### BUSTS AND BUSTS.



MISS PRUDE.—Dr. Monolith, will you please  
 cover up that—that—bus—that statue with my  
 handkerchief?

DR. MONOLITH (after complying with the re-  
 quest).—Ah, Miss Prude, have you another  
 handkerchief for yourself, or shall I lend you  
 mine?



HINTS ON DEPORTMENT.

WHEN visiting, never borrow your host's night-shirt and carry it home with you.

After spending the summer with a friend in the country, do not send for your winter clothes and tell your host that you have decided to stay till spring.

At dinner, if the waiter pours half-a-pint of hot gravy down your back, assume a pleasant cast of countenance and speak cheerfully to the host about the outlook for the coming ice-crop.

If you find that your host has had to give up his bed and sleep in the wood-house loft on your account, do not protract your stay beyond three or four months, or make any remarks about postponing your departure that might mar your host's pleasant anticipations of its near approach.

If your host's child should desire to sit in your lap and eat molasses-candy, or to make a drum of your best silk hat, do not assume a *post-mortem* cast of countenance, but appear to be interested in the child, and act as if you would have it enjoy itself. Gentleness with the children of the household will always win the applause of your host and hostess.

When visiting your betrothed, do not act as if you would convey the impression that you own the premises. It will be quite time enough to do that after you are married.

Do not lean back in your chair and put your feet on the mantel among the *bric-à-brac*, else your betrothed may be alarmed and agitated in anticipation that you will tip over and break the chair.

Do not stay till the breakfast-bell rings. There may have been only one mackerel put to soak, and your unexpected presence at the table may discommode the congregation and cause a defunct feeling about the family board.

If the paternal ancestor of your betrothed enters the parlor at two A. M. with a double-barreled shotgun, retire politely. It is not necessary in this case to be very formal in making your adieus. All formality may be postponed on account of the weather.

If at dinner your guest tips a plate of soup into his lap, immediately tip your soup into your lap, also, and make some pleasant remark about the Ohio election. This will cause your guest to feel at ease and restore to him his equilibrium, which a plate of soup in a person's lap is liable to cause him to drop for the time being.

Never lose your *sang-froid* on any occasion. The man who has a large stock of *sang-froid* constantly on hand is never disconcerted. This is a singular fact that a great many persons may never have noticed.

When you see approaching you a friend of whom you borrowed ten dollars last spring, promising to pay it back on Saturday night,

THE PARLOR ELOCUTION EVIL—LET IT BE SUPPRESSED.



HOST.—"Ladies and gentlemen, my daughter, who belongs to the Geranium Amateur Dramatic Association, will now give the sleep-walking scene from 'Macbeth,' and afterward recite 'Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night!'"



"Out, damned spot—out, I say!"

you should slip into the nearest saloon and walk quietly out of the back door. Authorities are somewhat divided in regard to this point of etiquette, some contending that the person who owes the ten dollars should cross the street instead of entering a saloon; but the best usage seems to be on the side of the saloon.

Never take out your false teeth and fondle them whilst conversing with friends. For some reason which great thinkers have never

made clear, false teeth, when taken out of the mouth and fondled, have a very depressing effect upon the congregation.

If you are elected to carve a fowl, bow politely to the congregation and perform the office gracefully and in a dignified manner, wearing a glad smile while the committee is at work. Do not take the fowl by the hind-legs and pull it apart, or saw it with the carving-knife as if you were cutting stove-wood. If you should by chance tilt

the fowl into the lap of your *vis-à-vis*, do not be disconcerted, but throw off a gay joke and smile joyously, asking your *vis-à-vis* to pass over the skittish hen or erratic rooster, as the case may be, and then resume your carving as if nothing had happened.

The above are merely a few rules culled here and there from my forthcoming work on deportment, which I am led to believe will be the standard authority after its appearance. SCOTT WAY.

## A BITTER INSULT.

"PLEASE, sir, can you give me something to eat?" It was the voice of an aged wanderer on the highway. He had paused at the gate of a haughty, purse-proud aristocrat, in the hope of getting a morsel of food to help him on his journey.

"You're too late," said the aristocrat: "our dinner was over an hour ago."

"I am very hungry, sir," said the itinerant.

"Can't help it," said the aristocrat: "yet stay. Go next door; it is just their dinner-time."

The itinerant drew himself up proudly.

"What, there? Never!"

"Why?"

"I was once insulted there."

"How?"

"Why, you see, they gave me a very fair sort of dinner of five courses; but they had the impudence to serve me my after-dinner coffee in a large cup, and with milk in it."

## HE WAS A NEW YORKER.

YOUNG MR. DE DHUMME (to Miss Boston, who has just risen from the piano).—Aw, thanks, my deah Miss Boston. That is a most exquisite melody. May I awsk what it is called?

MISS BOSTON.—It is a tarantella by Bassford, who, by the way, is a New Yorker, I believe. Have you ever met him, Mr. De Dhumme?

YOUNG MR. DE DHUMME (shocked).—No, nevah; but my mothah buys—er—plates at his shop.

## THE MODERN DOLL.



Mary had a little doll,  
(There's nothing strange in that,  
Its wool was white, like other dolls',  
Its little nose was flat.  
Its cheeks were red as roses are,  
Its eyes the kind that shut,  
Its dress pinned on—it seemed, in short,  
A common dolly—but—  
When round its dainty waist she felt,  
And touched a hidden spring,  
It warbled, underneath its belt:  
"I'm saw-dust when I sing."

## RANDOM REMARKS.

A SCIENTIST THINKS that he has discovered that the Garden of Eden was situated at the North Pole. Now comes the question: where did the fig-leaves come from?—*Boston Post*. Maybe the fig-leaf was a lie, too.

It is hard to get up a reunion of old classes at Vassar College. They recently tried to get up a reunion of the class of '52, but nobody came. All the good old '52 girls claimed to have been graduated in '79.

A FARMING PAPER praises a species of chicken, called the golden-spangled Polish, on account of its quiet disposition. We are willing to bet that the hens of this species never lay eggs. The art of laying eggs and a quiet disposition never commingle in the same hen.

SOMEBODY SAYS that the odor of fresh paint may be removed from a room by placing a saucer of ground coffee in the apartment. Now we understand why it is a man generally chews ground coffee when he is painting the town.

A BOSTON FRUIT-DEALER recently shipped a cargo of bananas to this city, and lost twenty-three thousand dollars on the lot. We may remark that he is not the first man to slip up on bananas.

IN ONE respect the ladies have a parallel: The spring-chicken never tells its age.

## THE TROUBLESOME MATUTINAL FLY AND THE SLUMBEROUS CITIZEN.



I.



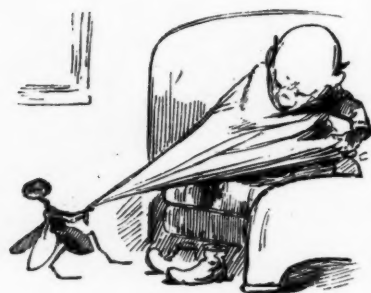
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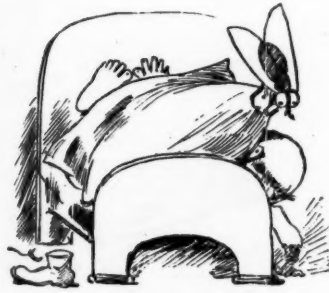
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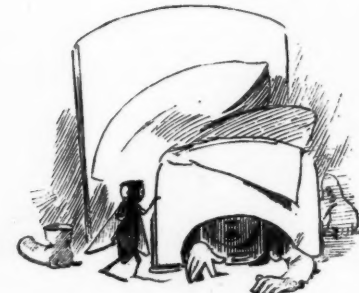
IV.



V.



VI.



VII.



VIII.



IX.



X.



XI.



XII.



WHAT WE SAW AT THE SOCIETY PLAY.  
A TRAGEDY OF LIQUID ENAMEL.



"Ah, Gaston, have you come at last? I have been so lonely without you!"



"There, there, Clarisse, be calm; do not give way to this emotion! The Duc de Parleyvoo will be here immediately!"

RECREATIONS IN SCIENCE.

SCIENCE DEMONSTRATES that a man who weighs one hundred and fifty pounds on the earth, if transported to Jupiter, would weigh twenty-two and one-half tons. This seems plausible enough; but we have our opinion of the man who would go to Jupiter to have himself weighed, and then return home and lie about his weight down at the corner-grocery—offer to take an affidavit that the last time he was weighed he tipped the beam at forty-five thousand pounds. He would be mistaken for the man who composes circus-posters.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON says that man is developing backward in the organs of locomotion; but the Professor never saw an American bank cashier lighting out for liberty with a couple of detectives uncomfortably close in his rear. And we infer that he never witnessed a professional base-ball match in this country.

"THE SUN is fifteen million years old, and will last fifteen million years longer." This fact will quiet a great deal of anxiety and alarm. An impression had got abroad that the sun would last only fourteen million years longer. The sun holds its age well. Oldest inhabitants say that it does not look a day older than it did sixty-five years ago.

SCIENTISTS TELL us that the sun is known to have manifested no change of power of any consequence for at least two thousand years; whereas we all know that its change is sufficiently marked in the short space of four months to cause the aggravating remark, "Is it hot enough for you?" hundreds of thousands of times a day. And that is "consequence" enough, goodness knows.

AN ADVERTISER may not be superstitious, and still believe in signs.

HE DID NOT UNDERSTAND IT.



CHARLEY.—I failed to get old Geisenhammer to reduce the rent of my flat. Funny, isn't it? I sent my sister to manage the job, too.

HENRY.—So did I, and I *did* get my rent reduced.

CHARLEY.—I don't understand it at all.

STARTERS FOR STORIES.

FOLLOWING THE PREVAILING LITERARY FASHION.

A BRIGHT, glowing fire, a cheerful room, books everywhere, what more did Herbert Vane need to be happy?

—"No!"

The speaker was a fair pale girl of some nineteen summers.

—The birds were twittering sweetly that morning in leafy June, when Clara Montmorenci—

—On a sultry day toward the close of August, 18—, the heir of Jagshurst lay dying.

—Only a gin-miller's daughter, and yet how fair—how wondrously fair she was!

—Yes, it was very hard for us all to part with Lilith Jane; but—

—Born of humble parents, John Gray grew up to manhood—

—Geoffrey Marmalade had been a bachelor for many years.

—It was a beautiful afternoon toward the close of August.

—It was Herbert Delancey's twenty-first birthday.

—A dull, drizzling day on the Cornish coast.

—The sun was rising on a perfect day—

—It was night—night on the lonely downs.

—It was night—night in the great city.

—"Push the eglantine aside, Hester."

—I first saw the light of day—

—Slush, slush, slush!

A CERTAIN SCIENTIFIC paper defines a malady which it is pleased to term "writer's cramp." We have read the article, and cannot say that we agree with our extremely E. C. The only writer's cramp we ever heard of was located in the wallet.

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, a drunkard out West recently went down to a watery grave.



WE DO UNDERSTAND IT.  
Because on the left we see Charles's sister,  
and on the right Henry's.

## PET PHRASES

Which We Hope Never to See Again in the Columns of Our Esteemed Contemporaries.

- On dit.
- Mine host.
- Little game.
- On the tapis.
- Gilded youth.
- The softer sex.
- Squalid misery.
- 'Prentice hand.
- A rabid canine.
- Golden opinions.
- A buxom damsel.
- A host of friends.
- The beaten track.
- Fat, fair and forty.
- His own sweet will.
- The fair débutante.
- The dastard villain.
- The public at large.
- Terrible loss of life.
- An army of waiters.
- The genial boniface.
- Devoted his energies.
- A dim religious light.
- A miserable pittance.
- Verge of destruction.
- Put in an appearance.
- The water was lumpy.
- The song of the syren.
- The sporting fraternity.
- A hotly-contested finish.
- The knowing ones say—
- Revenons à nos moutons.
- Devotees of the manly art.
- An extensive acquaintance.
- The gentlemanly proprietor.
- Justice has again miscarried.
- Confusion worse confounded.
- It is shrewdly surmised that—
- Worthy the pencil of Hogarth.
- Members of the fistic profession.
- Documents may some day see the light.



## LEFT AGAIN.

A Domestic Drama in Two Scenes.

SCENE I.—MR. BROWNSTONE JONES'S dressing-room in his cheap flat. Enter MRS. BROWNSTONE JONES on tip-toe.

MRS. J.—I know Jones changed his clothes this morning, and when he does he always leaves money in the pockets. I want a little change, and now's my time to get some. (Searches pockets and finds small pocket-book.) What's this? (Opens pocket-book.) Oh, good gracious! Twenty dollars! I'm in good luck. Why, that will pay for making my new dress.

SCENE II.—MRS. BROWNSTONE JONES'S dining-room. MRS. J. and Mr. J. at dinner.

MRS. J.—Have you bought any Christmas presents yet, dear?

Mr. J. (very shortly).—No.

MRS. J. (coaxingly).—What are you going to give your little girl this Christmas?

Mr. J.—Nothing.

MRS. J. (tearfully).—Nothing?

Mr. J.—No, nothing. Some one stole the money I had saved up for that purpose out of my little pocket-book. I'm sorry, my dear, but I haven't another twenty to spare.

“THE LAST ROSE”—The Girl that was Late for Breakfast.

EVERGREEN—The Newly-Landed Irishman.

A PRICKLY PEAR—The Porcupine and Hornet.

## FUN FOR FLATHERS.



FLATHERS (who is a trifle near-sighted, and whose pet aversion is cats).—There's that cat again, and I could have sworn I struck it in a vital spot the last time I fired at it! (Goes for his gun again.)



This picture shows Flathers's ingenious, good-for-nothing nephew, who is aware of his uncle's weakness, and worries him in the above manner about twice every half-hour.

N. B.—He has engaged the little ruffian on the left to do the “meowing” for him.



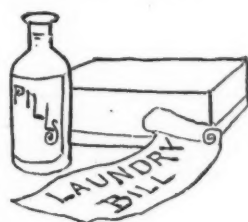
A MISANTHROPE.



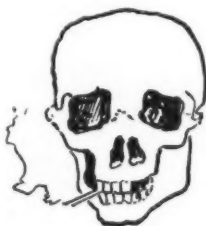
I.  
I envy men who have a past  
Where flowers never bloom,  
Whose horoscopes are overcast  
With gloom.



III.  
Who ruminate in church-yards glum  
Upon a wedding-ring  
Of worn and battered gold, or  
some  
Such thing.



V.  
But, oh, to have a past like theirs,  
With strange romances  
stored—  
Why have I not of secret cares  
A hoard?



VI.  
No closet skeleton I own,  
No death's head decks my  
board,  
Nor dangleth o'er me, when  
alone,  
A sword.



VII.  
I dine at one—breakfast at eight,  
At half-past seven I sup,  
And yet no Nemesis by my plate  
Bobs up.



VIII.  
My appetite is always good,  
No villain tries to work  
Some prussic acid in my food,  
Or lurk



IX.  
Behind my office-door to jab  
Me deftly in the back,  
No burglar calls my gold to  
grab,  
Alack!



X.  
And though I own a haunted  
house,  
It's pretty ghost has fled;  
At night I can not hear a mouse  
O'erhead.



XI.  
When will a chance for valor  
come,  
To change my weary life?  
Ah, I know what—I'll take,  
I vum,  
A wife!  
E. DEL. PIERSON.



II.  
Who move mysteriously about  
The world and make no moan,  
Who view men with suspicious  
doubt  
And groan.



IV.  
Who haunt the morgue from day  
to day,  
With countenance of woe;  
But what they seek I'll never,  
may-  
Be know.

EVERY DUDE HIS OWN BOYTON.

DIRECTIONS TO PERSONS WISHING TO LEARN TO SWIM.



First examine the sea and decide that  
there is too much of it.



Select a modest brook, and sit down  
and study its movements.



As you get bolder you might venture  
to hold one foot over the water.



Then two feet.



After which you may plunge in both  
hands at once.



Then proceed to hang your clothes on  
a limb.



And watch them, so that they won't  
be stolen, for a few hours.



And when it gets too dark to swim  
—Go Home.

## AN ADDRESS.



GRIND on, grind on, through all the sultry day,  
Grind till the Law lays hands on thee at night,  
Commanding thee to silence. Grind again  
When comes the holy morn, whose fresh-tuned ear  
Thou rack'st with discord of thy shifting pipes.  
Grind on—grind "Baby Mine," "Sweet Violets,"  
"Marta m'appari," "Babies on our Block,"  
And "Paddy Duffy's Cart," and "Golden Stairs,"  
And "Molly Darling," "Wearing of the Green,"  
"Driven from Home," "Il Bacio," "Captain Jinks,"  
"Twickenham Ferry," "Non é Ver," "Some Day,"  
"Why Did They Dig Ma's Grave So Deep?" and  
"Mabel,"  
"Last Rose of Summer," "Carnival of Venice,"  
"Sehnsucht" and "In the Gloaming," "Kerry  
Dances,"  
"Oh, How I Love My Ada," "Soldiers' Chorus,"  
"The Magnet and the Churn" and "Wiener Bon bons,"  
"Stick to Your Mother" and "The Heart Bowed  
Down,"  
And even, when at last 'tis pegged for thee,  
Grind "The Mikado"—grind, grind, grind, grind.  
I know that somewhere in the time to come  
The Eternal Vengeance waits behind a door,  
And watches for thee with uplifted club.

"HELLO, JONES," said Smith, meeting a friend on the bluff  
at Long Branch: "you look unhappy."  
"I am."  
"What's the trouble?"  
"Well, I've got to go home to-morrow."  
"Why, how's that? I thought you were going to stay all  
summer."  
"I was; but I was fool enough to order a mint-julep at the  
hotel yesterday, and now I've got only enough money to pay my  
fare home."

## CAUSE AND EFFECT.



HUSBAND (turning up his collar).—There's another  
cold wave coming in a very few minutes.  
WIFE.—Why, Charles, how do you know?  
HUSBAND (with a shiver).—"Cause I forgot to bring  
home that new bonnet for you.

## ANOTHER ADDRESS.



TWANK, twank, twank on—oh, twank, while  
down the bay,  
Toward the distant shore of Coney Island,  
The steamer proudly rolls. All Nature smiles;  
The sea is sparkling in her opal pride,  
The white clouds sail within the azure deep,  
The billows play, the scented breezes fan  
The weary townsman's cheek, the sea-gulls fly  
Like silvery flashes underneath the sun—  
All, all is calm and peace—all, all save thee,  
Who in the face of high insulted heaven  
Twankest thy doleful twank.

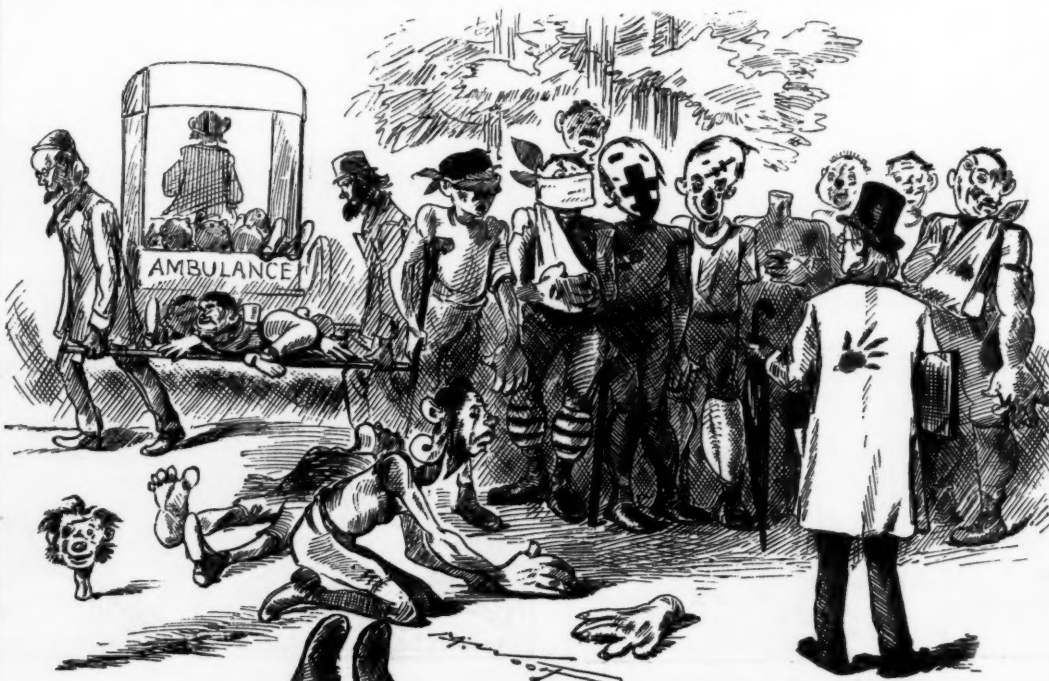
And presently,  
With hat extended in thy grimy hand,  
And the dull glare of chronic mendicancy  
Within thy greedy eyes, thou wilt go round  
And crave the current nickel of the realm  
From passengers too faint internally  
To properly resent thy insolence.  
Go on—go on! Twank, and continue twanking—  
Twank on, unpunished here upon the earth.  
But when at last thy silver cord is snapped  
Beneath Death's hand, expectant fiends shall rise  
And dance a cancan in the sulphurous pit.

"A BOY WHO does  
not play base-  
ball, and is willing to  
work for good wages"  
is advertised for by a  
Greensboro, N. C.,  
merchant. The mer-  
chant is not unreason-  
able. Most men ob-  
ject to paying a boy  
seventy-five dollars a  
week for standing  
around three days in  
the week and abusing  
an umpire.

WE ARE told that  
if thirty-two million  
women should clasp  
hands they could  
reach around the  
globe. That may be  
true, but you never  
could induce thirty-  
two million women  
to clasp each other's  
hands so long as there  
are any male hands  
to clasp.

A POET PROPOUNDS  
the conundrum,  
"What is warmer  
than a woman's  
love?" Two women's  
love. So we have been  
told.

## COLLEGIATE FOOT-BALL.—A DRAWN GAME.



UMPIRE.—Gentlemen, you will have to meet and play again to-morrow!

"DOING SOME-  
THING to dis-  
tract his attention is  
perhaps the best way  
to start a balky horse."  
Building a fire under  
a balky horse is one  
excellent way of dis-  
tracting his attention.

A THIEF WHO stole  
a watch from Jonas  
Reach, of Iowa, eight-  
teen years ago, re-  
turned it to him by  
express the other day.  
It is easier to return  
some watches than to  
keep them in repair.

ACCORDING TO  
statistics, men are  
more subject to dis-  
eases of the ear than  
women. This is prin-  
cipally due to the fact  
that women never  
marry women.

"WERE YOU at  
the prize-fight last  
night?"

"No."

"It was a brutal  
exhibition."

"Ah!"

"Yes, the police."



A FAIR INFERENCE.



ART DEALER.—Yes, that was painted by one of the old masters. But I beg your pardon, sir, you must not touch it with your umbrella.  
OLD MR. HARDPLAYER.—What's the matter—ain't it dry yet?

ATHLETIC ARTICLES.

ATHLETIC goods may strike some people as being a frivolous kind of thing to invest good sound solid cash in; because most people think that athletics properly belong to vulgar and unrefined people. But let them look well into it—or rather into athletic articles—and they will find that they are often useful in other ways.

Take, for instance, the tennis-racket you gave six dollars for; and when the cold weather arrives you can tie a piece of cardinal ribbon around the handle and hang it on the wall, and it will prove as attractive an ornament as a helmet or a suit of armor. In short, it will be a piece of bric-à-brac. And then the tennis-net will do to hang on the horse to keep the flies off him when it is too hot to play tennis.

A base-ball is a splendid thing to throw at the cow that comes into the garden, and it is also invaluable to put into the toe of a stocking when the mock-orange is broken.

Now, a foot-ball may be filled with hot water and plugged, and used in bed instead of a baked brick. And then, with a piece of tin pipe inserted in it, it makes a very good bellows for the kitchen-fire.

A pair of skates would do to dance on a tough steak when you want to carve it.

The mask of the base-ball catcher has been known to save its owner the expense of a cullender; and a lacrosse-racket is only second to a gun for catching chickens.

A cricket-bat makes a splendid potato-masher, and a good pair of foils do capitally to rake the fire and crimp the young ladies' hair.

A striking-bag—the kind used by pugilists—would save the young lady of the house the trouble of constructing a bustle out of a newspaper; and a pair of boxing-gloves would an-

swer splendidly for driving-gloves, except that they would be rather awkward when you wanted to take a three-cent silver piece out of the lining of your vest to pay the toll-gate keeper.

IMPROVED QUOTATIONS.

ROLL on, thou giddy roller-skater, roll!  
Ten thousand folks fall over thee in vain!

Too late I stayed—forgive the crime—  
Unheeded flew the hour;  
How noiseless falls the foot of Time!  
Your father's has more power.

There is a tide in the affairs of men  
That goes to par and tumbles back again.

I shot an arrow into the air;  
It fell to earth I knew not where;  
But the man whose hen it chanced to kill  
Came in next day, and I paid the bill.

Tell me, tell me, dimple-chin,  
How you make a sling of gin.

PUCK ne'er returns rejected works,  
And every one should know 't;  
If the office-boy his duty shirks,  
They're fed unto the goat.

O woman, in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,  
In trouble you are just the cheese.

CHANGES.

THIS world's made up of joy and sorrow,  
We've wine to-day and beer to-morrow;  
To-day perhaps your stocks are booming,  
Next week with tramps you may be rooming;  
To-day your wife is fondly kissing,  
To-morrow you may find her missing;  
To-day the honeymoon is beaming,  
Next week, perchance, there'll be tears stream-

ing;  
To-day you'll eat white bread and honey,  
To-morrow you may beg for money;  
To-day no plug than yours is nicer,  
You soon may wear a battered dicer;  
We've cake to-day and crust to-morrow;  
This world's made up of joy and sorrow. A L.

A SAD CASE.



SYMPATHIZING FEMALE.—Poor old man! How he must have suffered! Tommy, do you see how the fire has scorched his nose?

## Deliver Us From Our Friends!—Sitting Up With a Sick Man.



The Talking Friend—Determined to Take Your Mind Off Your Pain.



The Hungry Friend—Who Eats Up All the Good Things, So that They Won't Hurt You.

"A CURIOUS NEGRO superstition is that a man who has been struck by lightning cannot swim," says an exchange. We have noticed the same thing, too, about negroes who have died from yellow fever.

WHY is it that when you swiftly thrust the bow of the scuttle through the stove-door to put coal on, that not a kernel (patent applied for) will go on the fire; and that when you suddenly haul the scuttle back to make another attempt, a lot of coal flies out on the floor?

A MAN WHO has been in the habit of wearing laced shoes, recently tried a pair of gaiters with elastics in the sides, and now he says he can put them on so much more quickly than the old ones, that he is enabled to sleep three minutes longer every morning.



The Sleepy Friend—Who Sleeps Even When On Fire.



The Dismal Friend—Who Reads to Distract Your Thoughts—Reads Funeral Notices and Death Scenes.

## MAN'S FIDELITY.

As I said good bye at the station  
In a little country town,  
And kissed away the tear-drops  
While her hair fell bewitchingly down,  
And she looked at me so sweetly  
And said, "You will not forget"—  
I swore to her I'd be faithful,  
And called her a dear little pet.

Then the train bore me back to the city  
To busily toil each day;  
There was scarcely time to remember  
My girl so far away;  
But when the day was ended,  
And I sat in silence alone,  
Then I thought of the little daisy  
I should claim some day as my own.

Three nights I bore up bravely  
As I thought of the time to come;  
Three nights I tried to be cheerful,  
But was only silent and glum,  
And then upon the fourth night  
I gave my moustache a twirl,  
Put on my killing necktie,  
And—called on another girl.

R. GONAUT.

SHAVING MATERIALS—A Piece of Soft Pine and a Plane.

## A TRUSTY SERVANT.



DRUMMER (*writing*).—Dinkelschmitt and Hamstein, New York. I am pursued py ter Indians, unt expec' to lose my scalp efery moment. Dey seen a pottle of viskey in my pack, und t'ink I am carryin' samples for a viskey house. I haf shwallowed all my money unt ter diamonds; ter counterfeit tollars I got rit of among another tribe of thievin' savages. I hope dis memorandum will be found mit my pody.

## A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY.

"I tell you, my dear—" said an old gentleman to his wife on the summer hotel veranda.

"Don't tell me anything, sir," retorted the lady, with emphasis.

"But I believe—"

"Bah! What do your beliefs amount to?"

"But I think—"

"Bah! You flatter yourself. What are your thoughts worth?"

"But, my dear, I know—"

"Don't talk to me about what you know. What you don't know would fill an encyclopædia. Everybody knows you are a stupid old, senseless, worthless do-tard. You don't know enough to come in when it rains."

"Who is that old gentleman over there?" asked a visitor of the hotel clerk.

"Don't you know him? Why, he is the Chief Justice of our Supreme Court."



# NOT PROSE.

THE wind of autumn blows  
Destruction to the rose;  
It tints the sunburnt nose,  
Among the leaves it goes,  
And where the river flows,  
It hints of winter's snows,  
And nips the news-boy's toes,  
And chills the hungry crows,  
Brings joy to Ikey Mo's,  
With thoughts of pawned ole clo'es;  
The dust around it throws;



And—shout your ah's and oh's—  
It shows  
The red, red female hose.

## POLITICAL VOCABULARY.

DUTY.—Stuff.  
Honor.—Air.  
Salary.—Swag.  
Principle.—Wind.  
Loyalty.—Nonsense.  
Fees.—Petty larceny.  
Promotion.—More swag.  
Public.—Fellows we rule.  
Tax-Payer.—Outside idiot.  
Appropriation.—Thief-bait.  
Extra pay.—Grand larceny.  
Office.—Position for pillage.  
Tariff.—Harbor-Bill expander.  
Campaign.—Scramble for spoils.  
Devotion to the State.—Gag.  
Army.—Adjunct to Indian agencies.  
Party.—Gang plundering together.  
Platform.—Platitudes for outsiders.  
Constituents.—Purchasable voters.  
Political Allies.—Fellow-malefactors.  
Navy.—Ground-work for appropriations.  
Party Voter.—Citizens with a nose-ring.  
Revenue.—Something exposed for stealing.  
Political Assessment.—Highway robbery.  
Civil-Service Reform.—Infernal nonsense.  
Public Economy.—Worse kind of nonsense.  
Changing Politics.—Turning state's evidence.

"THEY ARE making a door with five key-holes," said Mrs. Auger.  
"What's the use in having so many?" asked Mr. Auger.  
"It will be much easier to un-  
lock. You can find it more easily  
when you come home late," replied  
the kind lady.  
"Rubbish!" responded Mr.  
Auger: "Idiocy! When I come  
home late, one key-hole is about all  
I care to find."

# HOW HE GOT IT.



"SAY, YOUNG VELLER, GIF ME UF DOT FISH A PORTION, DON'T IT?"

## "MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER."

(Adapted from the *Fliegende Blätter*.)



## AT THE TRA-TABLE.

"Ach, ladies, dot man of mine, he is in der beer-saloon until midnight every evening sitting. But I have der boss idea struck! I lock up his boots, und he must now by der house stay, you bet!"  
"Dot's fine, Mrs. Bombenmeyer!"



## IN THE SALOON.

"Good-evening, Bombenmeyer. Wie geht's?"  
"I have by my feet some bad swellings got, und must come here with slippers on.  
Dot agony is fearful, und don't you forgot it!"

# UNTIL I SAW.



UNTIL I saw her feet, there  
seemed  
A charm about herself that  
gleamed

With all the prettiness and grace  
Which Herrick sung of Julia's face.  
Until I saw her feet, her lips  
Were as the opal cloud that slips  
Adown the sunset sky; her chin  
Was pure chalcedony within  
A gauzy drift of lace. Until  
I saw her feet, her eyes could fill  
My misanthropic heart with hope  
Of better things than those which  
groped  
Within the cynic's breast and gnaw  
The herbage dead. Until I saw  
Her feet, I thought that I could kneel  
And worship this new-found ideal  
As children fall before a plinth  
Betwined with pink and hyacinth.



But now, ah me! life is not sweet—  
Since I have seen her feet.  
EDWARD WICK.

## BACK-STOOP PHILOSOPHY.

NEVER judge a horse by his  
frame.  
—Fine feathers make fine  
opera-hats.  
—The hornet is mightier than the  
pen.  
—A man is known by the taxes he  
pays.  
—The largest radish is hollow at  
the heart.  
—Long hair never made a poet, or  
an Indian herb-doctor.  
—A skillful fencer with a rapier is  
no match for the humblest wasp.  
—What's in a name? Everything,  
when you are up for a political  
office.  
—You can lead your landlord to  
your house; but you cannot make  
him paint it and weatherstrip the  
windows.  
—For downright laziness the South-  
ern darkey takes the hoe-cake.  
—The longest Pole does not knock  
the persimmon in Germany.  
—The proper time for the flour of  
the family to rise is 'leven  
o'clock.  
—Every dog has his day; but the  
street-car drivers have both day  
and night.  
—Nature makes no mistakes: it  
never made a cloud with an  
eighty-cent silver lining.  
—A broken column is the proper  
floral caper for a deceased jour-  
nalistic space-worker.  
—The man who has the floor is the  
man who is learning to ride the  
bicycle.  
—A mortgage on the house is a  
well-spring of displeasure.

## A MISCALCULATION.

THE tramp crept softly up behind the unprotected female, and, as she turned and faced him, he raised his glittering knife high in air—

An hour later, the tramp, haggard, despairing, prematurely old, gazed sadly on the empty little leather purse that had held the savings of many years of industrious tramping, sighed softly, and lay down and died clasping to his breast an elegantly bound copy of "Maguire's History of the United States and Hoboken," illustrated by over one hundred distinguished artists; while the unprotected female walked merrily down the road, under the bright November sky.

She was a book agent.

WHAT IS the use of saying: "The deuce take it"? The deuce can't take anything, except when it is a tramp.

## VERY LIKELY.



"Why don't you try the cold water for your rheumatism?"  
"Cowl'd wather, is it? Arrah, man, yer foolin' wid me. Didn't I tumble into the cowl'd river last summer, an' wasn't I nearly dhrrowned in the cowl'd wather, as ye call it, an' wasn't I hangin' upside down on a mate-hook for an hour, beside bein' rowled on barrels, an' divil a bit o' good did it do me!"

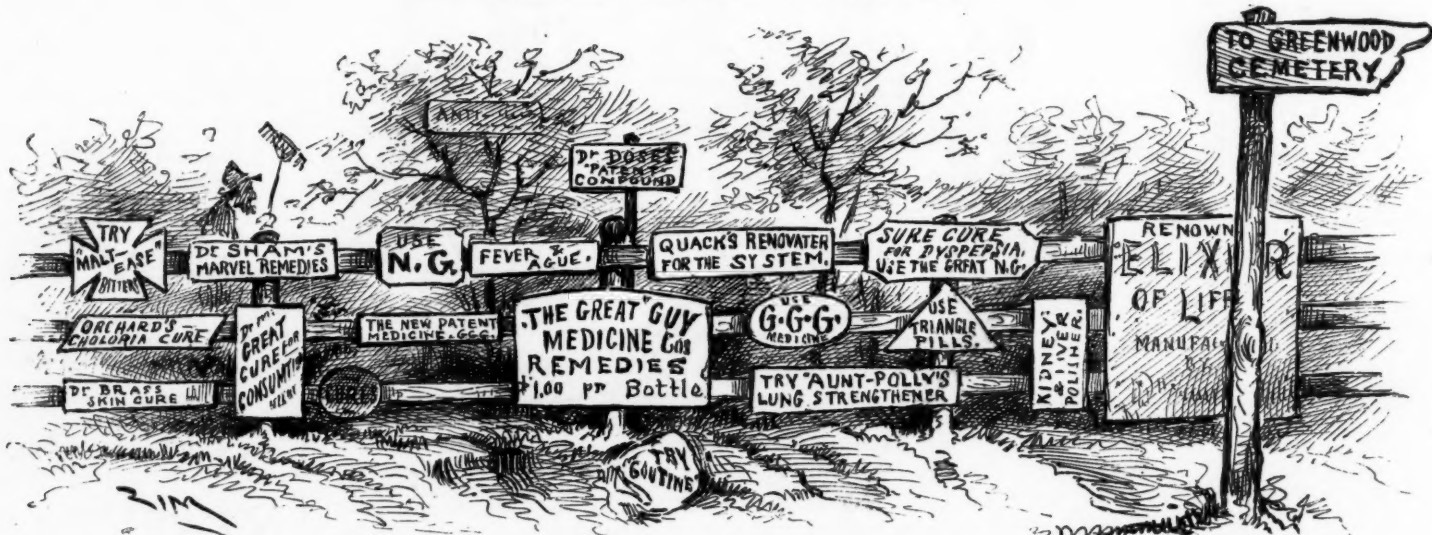
## THE MUTABLE YOUTH.

A YOUNG man once made a Thousand Dollars writing Poetry, and then concluded there was more money in Plays. So he stole several French plots so ingeniously that no one ever discovered it, and he made Ten thousand a year until he thought keeping a hotel at Coney Island was just the thing to get a man Rich. So he built a hotel that covered an acre, and made Fifty Thousand Dollars the first season. This he Relinquished to become a Monopolist, which paid him much better than running a Hotel. But even a Monopolist, with millions a year, didn't satisfy him, so he became a Hackman, and is now making money faster than ever.

This Fable teaches us that to be truly Happy we should never be satisfied, and that a Rolling Stone gathers a great deal of Moss when it knows how to Roll.

R. K. M.

## A POINTER FOR THE WAYFARER.



FROM PRESENT APPEARANCES, WE SHOULD JUDGE THAT MOST OF OUR COUNTRY FENCES POINT THE WAY TO THE CEMETERY.

## AUGUST.

BENEATH the umbrageous shed, the waiter reaches  
The deliquescent clam;  
And losing turfites by the Brighton beaches  
Emit the pleasant damn.  
As does the sire whose scion with green peaches  
His little waist doth cram.  
Upon the Sound the small boy grasps the rudder  
In time to sweetly drown,  
And from the seaside cow with rubber udder  
The lacteal trickles down.  
Upon the shore, 'neath moonlight soft and yellow,  
(I. e., beneath the moon,)  
The Ethiop virgin and her latest fellow  
Like Græco-Romans spoon.  
The laundryman now cuffs his help and collars  
Much cash from aqueous beaux,  
While in my garret for some paltry dollars  
This poem I compose. W. E. S. F.

## RELATIVE TO POKER.

THERE was a game of poker once,  
With two men at the table,  
Where each piled down his little chips  
As long as he was able.

"Alas!" cried he who got the scoop,  
(For short, I'll call him "Banty"):  
"I'll have to see my 'uncle' now  
That you have 'seen' my ante."

WILL J. LAMPTON.

## WEARISOME.



SCENE: Prospect Park, Brooklyn.

"I shay, stranger, 'slongest front fence ever shaw. Been pashing it fer two hours. Wassar matter?"

## SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER shakes from off the trees  
The yellow leaf and mellow fruit.  
(It shakes the white hat, and the free  
And easy Bowery summer suit.)  
The young duck rises from the nest.  
(Coal also fifty cents a ton.)  
Man shoots the duck (both bird and vest),  
And dust the duster falls upon.  
Now bloom the fair young autumn flowers,  
Both golden-rod and saddle-rock.  
The gambler gambles round the bowers;  
Then gets his ulster out of hock.  
The politicians daily spout—  
Part eloquence and partly beer;  
And crowds of strikers gaily shout  
Because election's near.  
At eve the seaside hotelier  
Upon the beach remains till dark,  
And, with a supercilious sneer,  
Descries afar the hungry shark.  
The poet, in a cheap saloon,  
Finds inspiration in bad rum,  
And gladly croons this merry tune,  
Because at last September's come.

W. E. S. F.

SHE PRESSED her hand on her hair,  
And her cheek as red as a rose,  
And drew it over her forehead fair,  
And toyed with her Grecian nose.  
And no smile on sunny wing  
Its flight o'er her features took,  
Because on her dazzling engagement-ring  
Her sisters would n't look.



CITY PROFIT AND COUNTRY LOSS.



CITY MAN GOING TO SPONGE ON COUNTRY FRIEND.—Yes, it's a pile to deposit; but, you see, I ain't going to spend a cent for two months.



FARMER FRIEND.—Yes, it's a heap to draw out; but I've got to make ready for the city folk.

A WESTERN TALE.

THE BULLY—a square-shouldered, heavy-jawed bully—hadn't wiped out anybody or chawed up anybody since last week. So when the stranger came into camp, the boys looked to see him "jumped right sudden." It should be remarked that the stranger was one of those light-built, sickly-looking, deceiving sort of strangers that few people would count on for much in a fight. But when the bully went for him—well, when the bully went for him, it was all over before half the boys could tumble out to see it, and nothing was left of the stranger but a faint grease-spot and the remains of a suit of store-clothes.

(This dénouement, we know, will be a gentle disappointment for the sad reader; but we can bear it this once, and promise that it shall never happen again, as we mean, on all future occasions of this kind, to conscientiously stick to the prevailing lie.) J. A. M.

OUR JANE has climbed the golden stair,  
And passed the pearly gates;  
Henceforth she shall have wings to wear,  
Instead of roller-skates.



SUMMER YEARNINGS.

AME VENUS, list my simple prayer!  
Give me a breath of country air;  
At Newport or at Mount Desert,  
Or anywhere where people flirt;  
Nor let me suffer from a dearth  
Of Summer dresses built by Worth;  
Give me an ample tennis-ground,  
With coy flirtatious nooks around;  
Give me a Tam O'Shanter red,  
To top with taking tone my head;  
Give me a man—a simple man—  
As plain and simple as you can;  
To hang around, in flannels drest,  
Obedient to my least behest,  
To bend his Knickerbockered knees  
As often as I chance to please,  
That's all, I think. You'll note it down?

Ah—really—thanks—

Yours,

NELLIE BROWN.

P. S.—Please take especial care  
To make the man a millionaire.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

"SO YOUR husband was killed in Switzerland?" remarked Miss de Silva.

"Yes," replied the young widow: "we were on our wedding-trip. Charley and I started out one morning, and he became dizzy while we were going up Mont Blanc."

"Did he fall off dear old Mont Blanc?" she asked, with animation.

"Yes," replied the widow, with a shudder.

"Wasn't that terrible! But, oh, how charmingly romantic it must have been!"

THE AVARICIOUS POET.

A YOUNG Poet, having saved up Fifty Thousand Dollars out of his Earnings, thought he would make an Independent Fortune in a Short Time by Changing his Business.

So he organized a "Mikado" troupe, which Bankrupted him by breaking up in Idaho, and the Young Poet came back to New York on his Ankles and accepted the Position of Brakeman on the Elevated Road.

MORAL.—Young man, leave Well Enough alone and don't go West.

THE EARLY BIRD.



"Vy, Blattenheimer, vat prings you down out of ter hotel so early, und vat is dot on your pack, a life-preserver?"  
"Don't you gif it away, Tony, und I'll tell yer. Dot ish not a life-preserver; dot ish my box of samples. Drummin' at de hotel is played out, und I come down to de vater efery morning before anypody else, und I catch customers sure whilst dey are in schwimmin' und feels pooty goot!"



## INTERNATIONAL DISTINCTIONS.



The Fair American has a Spool of Thread  
Delivered at Her Residence.



The Daughter of Sunny Italy Does Her Own  
"Parcels-Delivery" Business.



## DESPERATION AND MUSIC.

*Addressed to a Wandering Wagnerite with a Flute and  
a Preposterous Amount of Wind.*

**T**OOTLE, yes, tootle, tootle, toot thy fill!  
Tootle beneath my window in the night—  
Tootle when dewy morn dawns fair and bright—  
What matter if thou tootlest well or ill?  
Why should I longer care to have thee still?  
Time was, O tootler, when this arm could smite—  
Time was when naught had saved thee but swift flight—  
Now mayest thou toot in peace—I will not kill.  
My girl has given me the bounce supreme,  
My summer shoes are hot and cramp my feet,  
My collar wilts, my heart 's a shattered bomb—  
Thou art the final touch that ends my dream;  
Thy torture makes my agony complete,  
Raising my misery into Martyrdom.

## THE SIMPLE RUSTIC.

"**Y**ou seem to raise fine crops of hay on this place," observed a tourist to a man who was raking up the fragrant stuff.

"Yes," said the man.

"Do you ship it to the city?"

"Oh, no," replied the mower: "we use it here in the hotel."

"But you have no horses," observed the tourist: "what do you use it for?"

"Green tea," responded the mower, as he reached for the whetstone.

## THE FITNESS OF THINGS.

"**C**AN you bring me a couple of good-sized pieces of this steak?" asked a country-hotel guest.

"Are not the small pieces just as good?" observed the waitress.

"They are certainly quite as good to eat," responded the guest.

"Well, don't you want them to eat?" asked the servant, in amazement.

"No; I want them to put in the bottoms of my tennis shoes—the rubber 's wearing out."

## A NEW SCALE.

**S**MITH.—What is Brown doing now on the Item?

**JONES** (an editor).—Everything from writing poetry up to soliciting advertising.

**S**MITH.—You mean from soliciting up to writing poetry, don't you?

**JONES**.—Did you ever read any of Brown's poetry?

**S**MITH.—No.

**JONES** (conclusively).—I thought not.

## THE CORNETIST'S WAIL.



**A**LAS, the wild wind through my whiskers blows,  
And makes me feel as lonely as the clam  
Who 's been hauled up out of the briny deep,  
To lie upon the fish-stand in the sun.  
Alas, I 'm the companion of the clam,  
For I was happy, two short months ago,  
Playing my horn beside the moaning sea  
At Coney Island in a small hotel;  
I 'm not as great now—people look at me  
As on a beggar, when I walk around  
The street and tootle for the public ear.  
But these same people down beside the sea  
Roared like the veriest demons when I bowed,  
After I played the "Carnival of Venice,"  
And stood to take a little breathing-spell,  
Previous to rattling off the "Larboard Watch."  
Then I disported in a full-dress suit,  
And my moustaches all were neatly waxed,  
My shoes were patent leather, and my eyes  
Drank in a sea of beauty as I looked  
Upon the faces of my audience.  
I was a hero, and was e'er applauded  
And pointed out to small admiring crowds.  
But gone are those bright days; I am as sad  
As the long closed hotel wherein I played.  
It crushes me and spoils my haughty soul  
To think that only on this sunny morn,  
When I proposed to play for just a meal,  
Old Dinkelspiel von Diedrich Van der Bum  
Kicked me head-foremost from his beer-saloon,  
And shouted after me: "Mebbe vell you don'd  
Tink it vas better to come here again!"  
So I will play the Coney Island tunes,  
And try to bring back all the summer joy  
That filled my soul and made me feel a king.

## THE MUSE AND THE MUSIC.

**T**HE poet had just got his Muse focussed down  
upon a cosmetic "ad."  
He had written:

Oh, damask cheek and throat of snow,  
Play-ground of soft emotion,  
Remember, please, how much you owe,  
To Jinks's Cucumber Lotion.

The lurking dimples play—

Just then three sons of sunny Italy in the street below commenced to filter "Sweet Violets" through two violins and a harp, and the Muse at once broke her gait.

The-e lurking dimps play de-de-de-de-de—

The poet groaned, and would have torn his hair; but, alas! he had lost it all through using a bottle of Bulgarian Hair Restorer that he had been forced to take in part payment for an advertising puff.

Oh-h, dimpling chin,  
And brow where the sunlight dances,  
Lay your Jinks's Lotion in  
Betimes ere the market advances.

But at this point the political refugees down below shifted off on to the "Mocking Bird," and the Muse slowed down to:

I 'm singing now of Lotion,  
Jinks's Lotion,  
Face Lotion,  
And you have n't any notion  
How it purifies and beautifies the skin.

'Tis but fifty cents a bottle,  
Large bottle—

Suddenly the music stopped, and the poet breathed a large sigh—one of the very largest sighs—of relief, and began to work his Muse back to her original pace:

Oh, damask cheek and throat of snow—

when the artists in the street below, who had only paused to pass around the hat, struck up "The Devil's Dream."

Oh, dam—

That was as far as the poet got.

F. E. CHASE.

"I NOTICE THAT mutton is invariably served with caper-sauce at restaurants. Now, what is the secret of the strange relationship?"

"The secret of the strange relationship between the sheep and the caper," replied the other diner: "is that when you ask for mutton in a restaurant, you generally, if not oftener, get goat."



THE POET AND THE BENEFactor.

A YOUNG POET, who was once so Impecunious that he was Reduced to the Extremity of Living in a Garret, and Mending what Clothes he had with Wire, was one day Met by an Old Gentleman who was so Pleased with the Legend of his Sufferings, that he became his Benefactor on the Spot. Several years later, when the Poet was out of the Woods, he published, at his own Expense, a Volume of his Poems, and sent a Copy to his Benefactor, who, upon this Proof of the Poet's Ingratitude, Cut him Forever.

We are Taught by this Fable that we should Never be Unkind to our Benefactors, because We may Sometime want to Borrow more Money from Them. We are also Taught that Benefacting a Poet is a Disastrous and Thankless Experiment.

A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH—The Stud on the Prize-fighter's Shirt-front.

PERFECTLY SHOCKING—An Earthquake.

THE FROG'S SONG.



THE SUMMER is over,  
The aster is blowing  
Beside the calm stream in  
The dell.  
Then, Mary Jemima  
Louisa Belinda,  
My '84 charmer,  
Farewell.

No more we'll a-Maying  
Go down in the boglet,  
When moonbeams are  
gilding  
The stump.  
No more o'er the streamlet  
To dodge the boy's shinney  
As swift as chain-lightning  
We'll jump.

No more at red flannel  
We'll daintily nibble,  
And get on the terri-  
ble hook.  
The Summer is over—  
We'll never, oh, never  
Be fried by a grinning  
French cook.

THE ASS AND THE CAT.

AN Ass one day Observed a Cat Ascend a Tree to Escape from a Dog, and a Bright Idea entered his Head:

"When my Master comes to set me to Work, I shall run up the Tree and Remain for the Day."

And when the Master came, lo and behold, the Ass Started for the Nearest Tree at Full Speed, and Ascended about four Feet, when he fell back to the Ground, and was so completely Knocked Out of Shape that his Master found it Impossible to Adjust his Harness on him, and was obliged to Destroy him There and Then.

MORAL.—Never Attempt to be too Versatile, and don't Endeavor to Dodge Honest Work when you have to Work for a Living, lest Per-adventure you get Left.

MOTTO FOR A GUILLOTINIST — "Be Sure You're Right, then Go a Head."

COIN COLLECTORS—Street-Car Conductors.

A CONTRIBUTOR'S EXPERIENCE.—BY ONE OF 'EM.



INSPIRATION.



EXECUTION.



PROMULGATION.



DESTRUCTION.



ANTICIPATION.



D—NATION.

## JAPANESE FANS.

SOME kind-hearted person has seen fit to make us the recipient of a present of a dozen Japanese fans. They are not worth more than a dollar at the outside; but it is the spirit of the action, and not the monetary value of the fans that causes our chaste souls to experience beatific thrills and warble the following warble:

The fans are beautiful to look upon. Each one is a pastoral in itself. Exquisitely colored and daintily figured, they fill us with an ineffable desire to strike a wild passionate poetic outburst. We can't exactly tell what the pictures mean, or what they are intended for.

One fan has a blue background; on it there is a green-faced man sitting on a pair of yellow scissors, brushing his hat with a musk-rat, while drinking brown butterflies out of an inverted mattress. In the background there is a raft climbing up a tree to catch a couple of wood-doves who are playing seven-up.

On the other side there is a boat, whose sails look like a lot of table-cloths in distress. It is floating off toward a mountain that seems to be afraid of the man who is drinking brown butterflies out of an inverted mattress. The musk-rat who is being used as a hat-brush looks as though he would like to be up in the tree playing seven-up with the wood-doves.

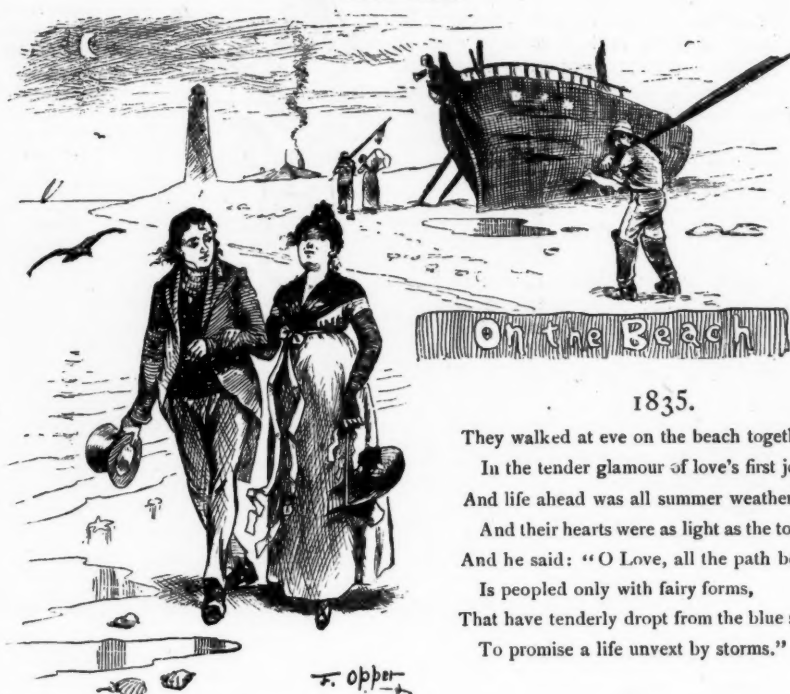
The trees seem to be yearning to take the place of the hat and be brushed with a musk-rat. Then the boat is trying to steal across and fool with the butterflies, whose yearning countenances betray the fact that they are dissatisfied, and would rather be the mattress and be drunk out of than be themselves and swallowed by a green-faced man sitting on a pair of scissors brushing his hat with a musk-rat.

The scissors evidently desire to get over by the raft, and stretch their legs apart, and dance all over the deck of the boat that seems to have frightened the mountain.

The pictures on the other fans are unintelligible, to a *Century* magazine-cover extent, but they are, nevertheless, very pretty.

## "LONG ISLAND'S SEA-GIRT SHORE."

1835-1886.



1835.

They walked at eve on the beach together,  
In the tender glamour of love's first joy,  
And life ahead was all summer weather,  
And their hearts were as light as the tossing buoy.  
And he said: "O Love, all the path before us  
Is peopled only with fairy forms,  
That have tenderly dropt from the blue sky o'er us,  
To promise a life unvext by storms."

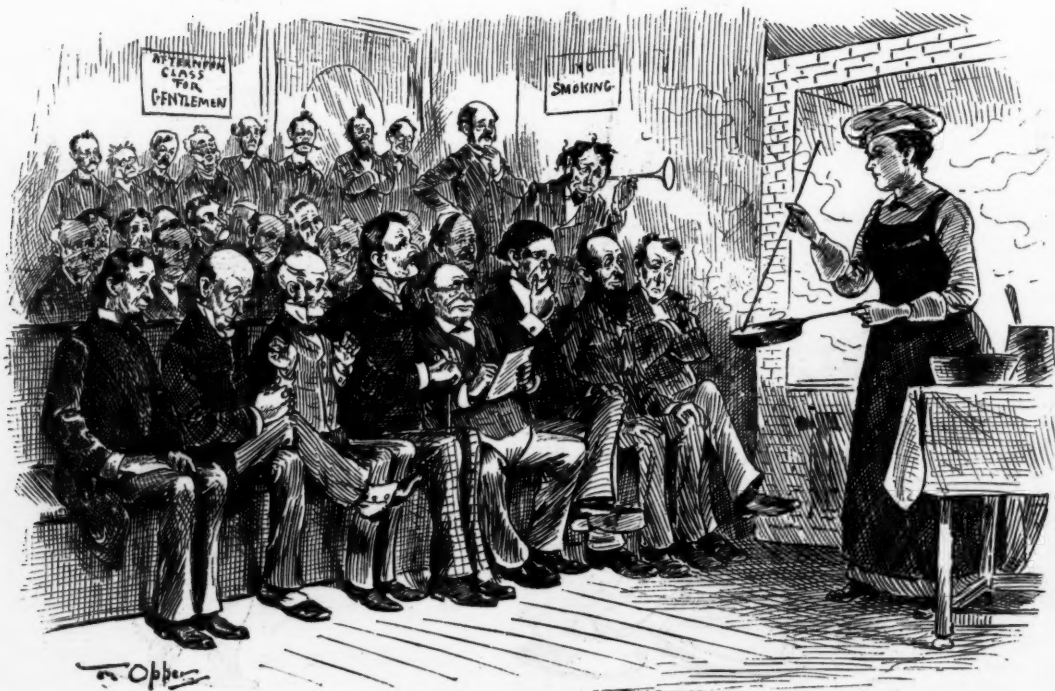
1886.

Now do they walk on the beach together,  
The beach that is covered with old plug-hats,  
Tomato-cans, and defunct shoe-leather,  
And brooms, dead horses and Thomas cats.  
And as they observe the old tin and cowhide  
And quadrupeds stretched in their last long sleep,  
They yearn to just behind some old scow hide,  
And have a protracted old-fashioned weep.



## THE COOKING-SCHOOL IS A USEFUL INSTITUTION.

WE HIGHLY APPROVE IT—



AND WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE SPECIAL CLASSES FOR CONFIRMED OLD BACHELORS ORGANIZED WITHOUT DELAY.

## LATTER DAY MAXIMS.

NEVER hit a man when he's down.  
Jump on him.

—A woman's "No" often means "Yes"; but a man's "Yes" often means "No."

—The way of the transgressor is hard—outside of Canada and Ludlow Street Jail.

—Every cloud has a silver lining, but it is not given to every man to turn it inside out.

—Children and fools tell the truth. It takes a full-grown, mentally sound man to lie artistically.

—Never deal from the bottom of the pack, unless you happen to be unequal to arranging a cold-deck.

—A kind answer turneth away wrath, but a knowledge of the manly art comes in handy, now and then.

—Never contradict a woman. Leave her alone, and she will save you the trouble by contradicting herself.

—There's no such thing as luck; but it's hard work to keep from being skeptical after losing six races out of half-a-dozen.

—Love me little, love me long, is full of poetry and soul-elixir; but most girls of our acquaintance would rather be loved a good deal, and all at once, as it were.





## THE MILITARY BALL.



Attack and Repulse.



Preparing for the Attack.



Surveying the Field.



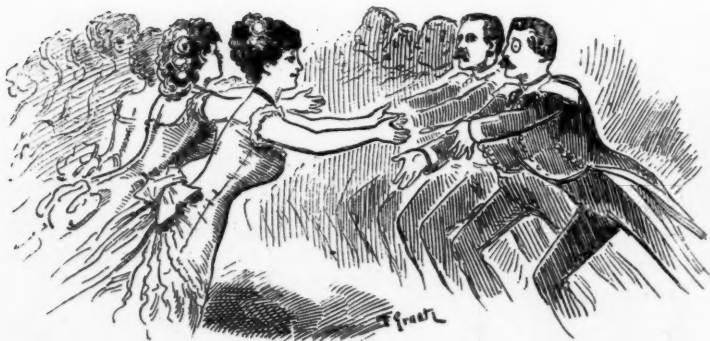
State of Siege.



Taken Prisoner.



Deserters.



To Arms! Close of One Engagement and Beginning of Another. General Capitulation.



Finale at the Supper-table—Carried by Assault.

## VULPES ET UVÆ ACERBÆ.

A Fox was one day walking through the woods, when he noticed some Grapes hanging from the topmost branches of a tree. He looked hungrily at the Grapes, and said:

"I know they are sour, but then I need something sour to settle my Bilious Attack."

So he went out on the road to a man who was erecting telegraph poles, and borrowed from him a pair of Creepers, which he adjusted, climbed the tree, and soon descended with a great quantity of the fruit. Having eaten a few bunches, the Fox was so badly

doubled up with cramps that he couldn't walk, and that is the time a Farmer lit on him and broke him all up with a club.

We are taught by this Fable that many of the sweetest things in life are not as sweet as they seem when once secured; that we should never trifle with unripe Fruit after we are grown up, and that it is Folly to risk our lives for Grapes that are worth only eight cents a Pound.

THE GREAT trouble with the average humorist is that he allows age to come before beauty in the construction of his jokes.

## RANDOM REMARKS.

YOU CAN'T make a whistle of a Chinaman's pigtail.

IT IS a well-known proverb that you should only believe half that you hear. If a man tells you he lives at 375 3rd Avenue, and you wish to call on him, always go to 187½.

THE GOOD old farmer is now sweeping and scrubbing the room which the cows occupied all winter. He will rent it to the cheap summer boarder.



# DRUNK IN A PLUG-HAT.



HIS WORLD is filled with woe everywhere you go. Sorrow is piled up in the fence-corners on every road. Unavailing regret and red-nosed remorse inhabit the cot of the tie-chopper as well as the cut glass cage of the millionaire. The woods are full of disappointment. The earth is convulsed with the universal sob, and the roads are muddy with tears. But I do not call to mind a more touching picture of unavailing misery and ruin and hopeless chaos than the plug-hat that has endeavored to keep sober and maintain its self-respect while its owner was drunk. A plug-hat can stand prosperity, and shine forth joyously while nature smiles. That's the place where it seems to thrive. A tall silk-hat looks well on a

thrifty man with a clean collar, but it can not stand dissipation.

I once knew a plug-hat that had been respected by every one and had won its way upward by steady endeavor. No one knew aught against it till one evening, in an evil hour, it consented to attend a banquet, and all at once its joyous career ended. It met nothing but distrust and cold neglect everywhere after that.

Drink seems to make a man temporarily, unnaturally exhilarated. During that temporary exhilaration he desires to attract attention by eating lobster-salad out of his own hat and sitting down on his neighbor's.

The demon rum is bad enough on the coatings of the stomach, but it is even more disastrous to the tall hat. A man may mix up in a crowd and carry off an over-dose of valley tan in a soft hat or a cap, but the silk-hat will proclaim it upon the house-tops, and advertise it to a gaping, wondering world. It has a way of getting back on the rear elevation of the head, or over the bridge of the nose, or of hanging coquettishly on one ear, that says to the eagle-eyed public: "I am chock-full."

I can not call to mind a more powerful lecture on temperance than the silent pantomime of a man trying to hang his plug-hat on an invisible peg in his own hall after he had been watching the returns three years ago. I saw that he was excited and nervously unstrung when he came in, but I did not fully realize it until he began to hang his hat on the smooth wall.

At first he laughed in a good-natured way at his awkwardness, and hung it up again carefully; but at last he became irritated about it, and almost forgot himself enough to

swear, but controlled himself. Finding, however, that it refused to hang up, and that it seemed rather restless, anyhow, he put it in the corner of the hall with the crown up, pinned it to the floor with his umbrella, and heaved a sigh of relief. Then he took off his overcoat and, through a clerical error, pulled off his dress-coat also. I showed him his mistake and offered to assist him back into his apparel, but he said he hadn't got so old and feeble yet that he couldn't dress himself.

Later on he came into the parlor wearing a linen ulster, with the belt drooping behind him like the broken harness hanging to a shipwrecked and stranded mule. His wife looked at him in a way that froze his blood. This startled him so that he stepped back a pace or two, tangled his feet in his surcingle, clutched wildly at the empty gaslight, but missed it, and sat down in a tall majolica cuspidor.

There were three games of whist going on when he fell, and there was a good deal of excitement over the playing, but after he had been pulled out of the American tear-jug and led away, every one of the twelve whist-players had forgotten what the trump was.

They say that he has abandoned politics since then, and that now he don't care whether we have any more November elections or not. I asked him once if he would be active during the eighteen-eighty-four campaign, as usual, and he said he thought not. He said a man couldn't afford to be too active in a political campaign. His constitution wouldn't stand it.

At that time he didn't care much whether the American people had a President or not. If every public-spirited voter had got to work himself up into a state of nervous excitability and prostration where reason tottered on its throne, he thought that we needed a reform.

Those who wished to furnish reasons to totter on their thrones for the National Central Committee at so much per tot could do so; he, for one, didn't propose to farm out his immortal soul and plug-hat to the party, if sixty million people had to stand four years under the administration of a setting hen.

BILL NYE.



—His constitution wouldn't stand it—



—And sat down.—

## ANOTHER DYNAMITE OUTRAGE.

A Tale of a Truant in Three Chapters.



PREPARATION.



IN WAITING WITH A SLIPPER.



CONCLUSION.

## THE EXTREMES OF JOURNALISM.



PROGRESS AND POVERTY.



"GALL" AND GOLD.

## INFORMATION.

So you want to know if the fir-tree bears fruit, eh? Of course it does, Julia, of course it does. And what kind of fruit does it bear? Why, seal-skin sacques and fur-lined circulars, to be sure. But you should be careful not to pluck them before they are ripe. You don't see what difference it could possibly make, eh? Well, did you ever pluck a chicken before it was ripe? You did, did you? Well, how did you pluck it? Oh, you plucked it off a perch, did you? What kind of a perch? Oh, a brindled perch, eh? Did you ever hear the fable of the brindled perch and the brindled bull-dog? Did, eh? Well, you are just about the most prevaricating, falsifying, equivocating,

lying falsehood we know of, because there is no such fable, Julia. You had now better step out under the most convenient fir-tree, and watch the tippets and muffs ripen in the summer sun.

KEATS, on one occasion, put red pepper on his tongue, that he might enjoy the sensation of feeling a glass of claret cool his epiglottis. He might as well have filled up on claret, and in the morning he would have had on him a thirst that he wouldn't have sold for five hundred dollars.

It was the puzzle-editor of a religious weekly who said life was a conundrum.

## FACTS IN NATURE.

STUDENT.—Professor, what is a race-track?  
PROFESSOR.—The fossilized foot-print of the inhabitant of a former age.

S.—What is a water-bed?

P.—The bed of a river.

S.—But I thought I had heard of people sleeping on water-beds.

P.—Possibly. Was not the name Undine or Lorelei?

S.—What is a dog-star?

P.—The canine who takes the first prize at the Bench-Show.

S.—Is a bat a bird or an animal?

P.—An animal.

S.—But I suppose a cricket-bat is an insect.

S.—What tree produces the toughest wood?

P.—The axle-tree.

S.—How does a sheep-fold?

P.—It tucks its legs under and goes to sleep.

S.—What is a ship's-husband?

P.—A man who takes care of her when she is doing nothing—an example that a woman's husband would do well to follow.

S.—Is a book-maker an author?

P.—He ought to be so considered, for he writes to make money. But do not fall into the error of thinking that a librarian is necessarily a book-maker.

S.—Of what will the "Music of the Future" consist?

P.—Wagner's works played on steam-Calliopes. He will have killed all singers before then.

S.—What is a glove-fight?

P.—Trying to get a six-and-a-quarter glove on a seven hand.

S.—What is a stock-yard?

P.—Thirty-six inches, if you watch the salesman closely.

S.—What is a storm-signal?

P.—Club-night.

S.—How have the present superb roses been produced?

P.—I believe they are all improvements on the common monthly rose.

S.—But how did the monthly rose come?

P.—I suppose it is an offshoot of the dog-rose.

S.—But before the dog-rose?

P.—He was lying down, of course. If he hadn't been, historians wouldn't have taken the trouble to tell us the dog-rose.

JULIAN MAGNUS.

## MUSICAL INSTRUCTION OF THE PRESENT DAY FOR YOUNG LADIES.



YOUNG LADY (taking banjo-lesson).—Well, what now?

SERVANT.—Two young ladies have called, Miss.

YOUNG LADY.—Oh, bother! I'll never learn this jig if I'm interrupted in this way all the time.



## FALL OF HIGH ART.

"Yes," said Henry Hilton Hoggebaum, looking sadly out of his window: "I knew it would come to that."

"What?" said his wife.

"Some years ago," continued Hoggebaum, not paying any attention to her question: "the sidewalks and the circumambient ether were desecrated only by cornet and organ-players. Then came the organ-player with his singing wife, and the harper and fiddler. Next a flute-player joined, and the band was increased to three. Then two fiddlers, a harper, and a fluter formed a quartette. Then it went on growing until lately I saw a whole string orchestra out in the street. I have seen a complete brass-band playing, too. But I never saw anything as sad as this."

"Well, what is it?" asked Mrs. Hoggebaum once more.

"If I were a curious woman," said her husband, in a withering tone: "I'd get up and go and look."

Mrs. Hoggebaum meekly took her hands out of the dough and went to the window. On the opposite side of the street she saw a little company of men and women moving about and gesticulating.

"What are they doing?" she asked.

"They are actors," said the husband: "They are playing a scene from 'Julius Caesar.'"

Presently the scene ended, and the property-man took a tin cup and went around to collect the pennies of the admiring crowd. Then the company moved up the block and played a scene from another play. Just as the leading actor was in the middle of a dying agony, a policeman came around the corner and ordered the crowd to move on.

"Wait," said the actor in an aside: "let me die in peace."

"You'll die in the station-house," said the inexorable locust-swinging.

And he ran the whole company into the police station, not knowing how thankful they were for a night's free lodging.

AN ANCIENT BANJO has recently been discovered in the centre of the largest Egyptian pyramid.—*Exchange*.

We have always said those pyramids were built for some good purpose, and we will now wager our club-skates against a bathing-suit that the other two pyramids either contain a trombone and a hand-organ, or quarter-sections of the son-of-a-gun who played that banjo.

A FAIR, BLONDE, fragile young Minerva from the Modern Athens says she went only once to the theatre last season, to see the play of "She Porticos to Conquer," written by a gold-smith.

## THE TRAMP'S APPEAL.

Friends! Americans! Countrymen! lend me your loose change!

I come to fill this vacant pocket-book!  
Men's borrowings do oft live after them,  
Their loans are oft interred with their bones:  
So let it be with mine. The noble police  
Say I not often do exert my muscle;  
If that is so, it is a common fault,

And I will try, most worthy sirs, to mend it.

Here, by the leave of police—and the rest—

For police all are honorable men—

So are the rest all honorable men—

Come I to speak for this slim wallet's good.

It was my friend—best of all friends to me—

For other friends depended upon this,

And waxed and waned in number as the gold

Did wax and wane in this now flattened purse.

I speak not to disprove what police say—

For, sure, police are honorable men—

But here I am to speak what I do know,

That once this wallet here was full of gold,

Earned by my muscle and by sweat of brow.

And now—well, now the police they do say

I am a vagabond, and never had

A spark of decency. But still we know

The police all are very decent men.

O Charity! Thou 'rt fled, the Lord knows where,

And men have lost their hearts! Bear with me now;

My heart is in the past with this poor purse

When it was full, and I was feeling merry....

If you have change, prepare to move it now

From your full pockets to this empty one.

You all do see this open pocket-book.

Look! From this place the butcher plucked the gold!

See what a gap the envious baker made!

From this the swindling tailor grabbed the coin

For an ill-fitting suit with bagging knees—

This was the most unkindest cut of all!

Thus, day by day, the wallet full did shrink.

Oh, what a shrinkage there, my countrymen!

Then did I shrink up in the social scale,

And now I am a changed and different man.



Good friends! Kind friends! Now let me stir you up  
To a high pitch of generous charity!  
I am no orator, as Butler is,  
To stir your blood and look you through and through

In both directions—east and west, withal.  
But were I Butler, and he I,  
There were an orator would move your hearts,  
And cause your nickels to rise up in charity!

DUVVA.

## THE TRIUMPH OF CUNNING OVER INSTINCT.



A STUDY IN NATURAL HISTORY.



## LAMIA.

LAMIA, thou art wistful wise,  
With knowledge born of sorrows;  
Lamia, thou hath mystic eyes,  
Full of sweet to-morrows.

Lamia, thou hast lashes fair,  
Long and soft and curling;  
When thou lift'st them—ah, that's rare—  
The glance sets blood a-whirling.

Lamia, thou hast lips so red,  
A man might gladly sever  
Soul from body, and lie dead,  
To kiss them warm forever.

Lamia, that's the whitest arm  
That ever lace enfolded;  
Venus must have lost a charm  
When that fair limb was moulded.

Lamia, that's a dainty hand,  
With diamonds on it basking;  
A man might give up house and land,  
If he'd get that for asking.

But, Lamia, I will ask thee not,  
For all thy smiling pensive—  
I'll ask thee not to share my lot:  
The racket's too expensive.  
W. J. HENDERSON.

## PHASES OF SASSIETY.

I.—Mrs. Blodgett's Reception, as Described by the Belle of Poplar City.

"OH, Poplar City is celebrated all through Iowa for its society—it's so exclusive and cultivated; and I don't think there's a city in the world where you'd meet such high-toned, elegant people as there were at Mrs. Blodgett's reception last evening. It was the most dressy affair I've attended this year. All the gentlemen wore lavender silk neckties, and I had on my new white satin brocade. There were ever so many of my gentlemen friends there, and I danced every time. Charley Cohen was my escort, and half the girls would have given their eye-teeth to have been his company. Charley's father keeps the One Price Clothing Emporium, and they do say it's the largest garment-store in

the world; I know you can buy anything you want there, from a collar-button to an ulster. Oh, the Cohens are just gilt-edged!

"Willie Brackett was there, too, with a lady friend of his from the Junction, a half-scared looking thing; I reckon the high-tonedness of the crowd dazzled her, for they're not much on style down the Junction way. Jennie Fulsom and her brother Henry came late, and he asked me to go buggy-riding with him next Wednesday. He's a lovely little gentleman, Henry is. Mr. Macjimpsey was invited, but he didn't show up—they say he's awful bashful—and lots of the girls are just dying to know him. He's the new clerk in the Square Deal Shirt and Cuff Palace, and he's real elegant-looking. I believe he's just come from Burlington.

"You remember little Tommy Needham, who used to be at the Main Street Tonsorial Pagoda? Well, he's reporting for the *Morning Tattler*, and he came just as we were going in to the

## CELTIC CONUNDRUM.



IRISH DEPOSITOR.—I wonder wull that one soot?

entertainment—I can tell you, Mrs. Blodgett set out a lunch that was bang-up—Mamie Snelling and I corralled him in the front hall, and gave him all the names and costumes and everything, and *did* you see what he wrote about me this morning? It was awful sweet of him to do it."

II.—The Chromo Literary Reunion, as Described by Miss Simple.

"Yes, we had a really delightful time, it was so informal, and we met so many bright people. You know Mrs. Chromo receives a great many literary and artistic people, and all that sort of thing. One always meets somebody who's distinguished at her house. They're all delightfully Bohemian, but thoroughly respectable.

"Who was there? Let me see, there was Prof. Mugwump, the astronomer—no, I believe he's an architect; it's Dr. Planet who's the astronomer, and talked so cleverly about the heavenly bodies—and there was Miss Culchair, who's writing an article for the *Atlantic*—I must be sure and buy the next number—and Miss Bellow, who recited "Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night" so that it gave me the shivers, and I promised to take a ticket for her next reading at Chickering Hall.

"Then there were some charming musical people, Signor Fluto and Mr. Violinski, and, would you believe it? I was introduced to a real actor—wouldn't ma be mad if she knew it! I think his name is Mr. Fakir; but, anyway, he's a great genius, for he showed me some articles about him that he happened to have in his pockets, and they all said he was just too splendid for anything. I may meet him in the street some day, and then I shall just drop down and die. I did have a perfectly lovely time, and I'm sure I never saw so many distinguished people in my life—that is, not near to."

J. LAUREN FORD.

## A GALA OCCASION.



"Mrs. MacGinty, wud yez lind me the loan iv yer father's false teeth fur the ould 'ooman? We are goin' to have mate fur dinner this day."

## A QUESTION OF VANITY.



CUSTOMER.—Isn't it a trifle large, Levi?

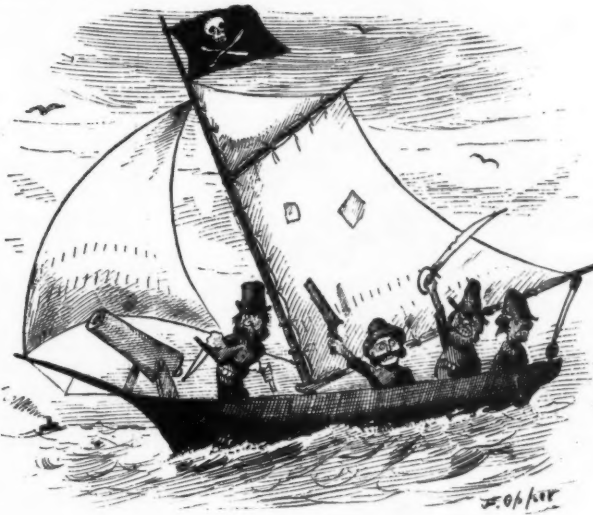
LEVI.—Larch, mine frent? S' help me gracious! uf you geepts dot shpring a goat on, unt your wife sees it, your bosom vill schwell mit pride so dot she'll hef to set dem buttons forwards.



IT BEATS THE SEA-SERPENT.



"Mike," said the hotel proprietor: "biz is very dull up at the house. I want you to disguise the old clam-boat a little, and come around and do the pirate act to-morrow."



[Extract from Daily Paper.]

The guests at the Strawtick House were thrown into a state of great excitement yesterday by the appearance, near shore, of a low, black, rakish craft, flying the black flag. The hotel is receiving fresh guests by every train.

THE ALBUM-WRITER'S FRIEND.

WE have received a small work bearing the title of "The Album-Writer's Friend." It is a collection of dislocated stanzas, presumably suitable for copying into young ladies' albums. We should judge that it was eminently well-fitted for its purpose, and we think most of the selections exactly up to the mental level of the average album-writer. This may be hard on the selections; but we do not mean to be unpleasant.

There are some gems, however, in "The Album-Writer's Friend" which it seems to us might have been improved. They are very good; but they lack snap, local color and time-liness. They do not accurately reflect the intellectual activity of the nineteenth century. Yet they do not need much alteration to bring them up to the standard of popularity. We think we can touch one or two of them up.

For instance, on page 13 we read:

Oh, those eyes! so calm, serene—  
Sweetest eyes were ever seen.  
Will the woes of coming years  
Ever shadow them with tears?  
Shall my life the sunshine own,  
That last night upon me shone,  
When, beneath the summer skies,  
Beamed on me those brown, brown eyes?

Now, this is all very poetical; but it isn't the kind of thing to take the fancy of the modern maiden. We should alter the last part so as to read:

"Shall my life the sunshine own  
That last night upon me shone,  
When, beneath the summer skies,  
You and I stampeded flies?"

Then, on page 19, we find:

Remember me, is all I ask;  
And, if remembrance be a task,  
Forget me.

This would be vastly improved by a small addition:

"And, one thing more, when I am dry  
For Bourbon fierce or milder Rye,  
Just wet me!"

Page 23 supplies this gem:

Oh! think of me some day  
When I am far away;  
I'll pray thy days be long  
And joyous as the song  
Of sweet birds singing near,  
Thy heart with love to cheer.

But why is it not polished off with a rhyme on beer?

Then page 34 is illuminated with this brilliant and original couplet:

Count that day lost whose low descending sun  
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

Why should not the combined causes of Virtue and Morality be served by adding:

"For Worth invariably yanks the bun."

There is, though, one selection in the book which we can cordially approve of, without reservation. It is this, supposed to emanate from the compiler:

When on this page you chance to look,  
Just think of me and close the book.

HINTS FOR ADVERTISERS.

THERE is a fitness about other things than apoplexy and fashionable suits; and if merchants would only observe some of the unities that dramatists talk so much about, advertising announcements would be better worth reading. Certain familiar phrases especially apply to certain professions and trades. These which are given below should be carefully considered by the man of enterprise, when next he prepares a column-ad, eodimciyc.\* For:

The Shoe-Maker—"Sole Agent."  
The Yachtsman—"Special Sale."  
The Prima-Donna—"Fresh Invoice."  
The Liquor-Seller—"Extra Bargains."  
The Sexton—"Don't Forget the Place."  
The Tailor—"Beware of Counter-Fits."  
The Clergyman—"See Great Inducements, Above."  
The Temperance-Lecturer—"Collections a Specialty."  
The Burglar—"Everything Usually Kept."  
The Butcher—"Goods Promptly Delivered."  
The Milk-Man—"Slightly Water-Soaked."  
The Undertaker—"Customers Never Grumble."  
The Second-Hand Dealer—"Damaged Goods."  
The Feather-Bed Merchant—"Marked Down."  
The District Telegraph-Messenger—"Made to Order."  
The Police-Court Judge—"Terms Cash or Thirty Days."

WALTER L. SAWYER.

AN IMPATIENT AUTHOR.

"I DON'T think Briggs will ever be successful in literature."  
"Why not?"  
"He is so impatient. He never can wait for anything to come to pass."  
"How so?"  
"He buys every morning paper and magazine in the city, to see whether his story has been published or not."  
"Well, what of it?"  
"He hasn't written the story yet."

\*"Ciyc:" Collect if you can. (Hint to the business-manager.)

'ARD ON 'IM.

ENGLISH IMPORTATION.—Miss Fanny, if you will consent to be Mrs. 'Arrison, nothing will be wanting to make hour 'appiness complete.

MISS FANNY.—You forget one thing.

ENGLISH IMPORTATION.—Er—what is it?

MISS FANNY.—An H.



## HIS OUTLOOK.

THE joints of winter are beginning to relax, as it were. The snow that fringes the field will not fringe it much longer, for soon will the bobolink break its heart with wild bursts of song in the fields of waving clover. The song of the mock-turtle will soon be heard in the land, the frog will croak until he's hoarse, and the whippoorwill will get in his work on starlit evenings, when the katydid and the tree-toad are making themselves felt.

I love to linger in the breezy wood, when the pink arbutus trails along the snowy ground. When the dogwood sends its snowy sprays in the unbeaten paths of the forest, and the brooklet gurgles musically through the crevice in your boot. Therefore I shall hang my boots upon my staff, and start for the country just as soon as the winter passes and the poet begins to take headers down the editorial stairway. How my heart goes out to nature in all its varying forms and conditions! I love an autumn landscape, with cows in the brook, and a hunter in the background looking down the barrel to see if it is loaded.

Soon shall I lie upon the pleasant sward, and feel the apple-blossoms blow down on me in sprays of pink and white. I shall hear the little birds making love on the budding limbs, and carrying the straws from yonder meadow to make their cosy nests. And at night I shall crawl under the hay-stack and fall asleep, looking at the twinkling stars, and hearing breezes rustle among the vines and cat-tails.

A draught of nature is the best draught out, when you can't get any other. How sweet, on a fresh bracing morning, when Phœbus is getting in her biggest licks, to steal down the perfumed meadow, and purloin the milk from the unsuspecting cow!

My book is full of impressions of sand-pipers,



orchids, rabbits, bees, dairies, bobolinks, butterflies, humming-birds, siestas in hammocks, moonlight rambles, and twilight sails.

I am a regular old nickel-plated tramp Pan, and when I get my notes together, and come out with an old, warm, empurpled, sensuous, roseate, landscape novel, I shall knock "Nature's Serial Story" higher than a plumber's bill.

God save us all from a death like this,  
On the works of E. P. Roe.

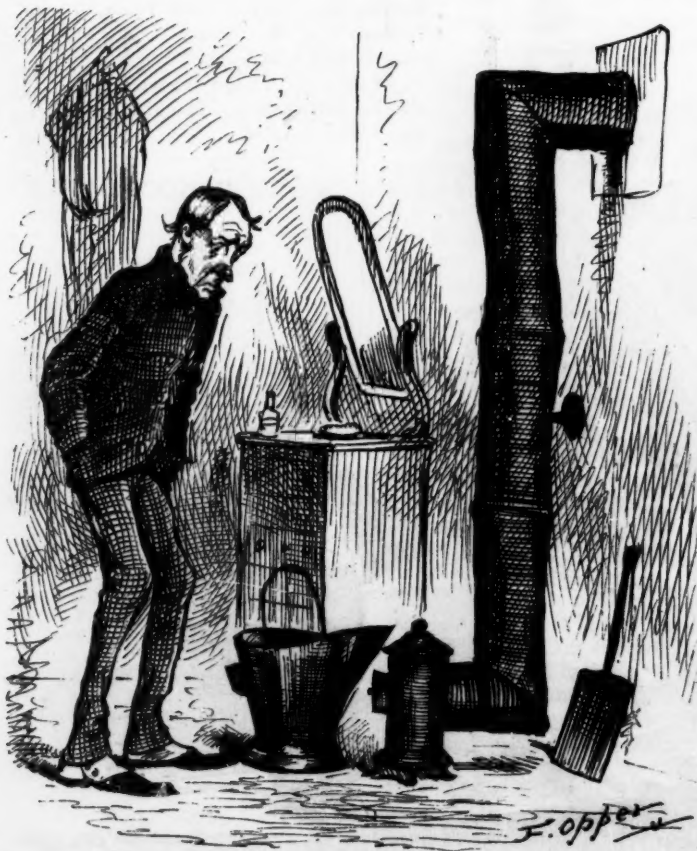
## PUCKERINGS.

NOTHING FILLS the heart of a woman with delight so much as to go into a fancy-goods store where there are a number of bargains. Newton, with all his philosophy, would acknowledge himself at sea and wrecked, if asked to tell why a woman buys half-a-barrel of things she knows she doesn't need, just because they are cheap.

REV. SAM JONES says "a dude looks as if he was melted and poured into his pants." Thirty years ago George D. Prentice said of an overcoat that some admiring tailor had given him that "it fitted as if he had been melted and poured into it." So says the *Indianapolis Journal*. This surprises us. We did not know before that Mr. Prentice ever knew Sam Jones.

MR. LEO GRINDON, an Englishman, estimates that out of the one hundred thousand known species of flowering plants ten thousand are of direct service to man, and five thousand are more or less poisonous or hurtful. It is a well-known fact that the married man who is obliged to carry in his wife's flowering plants several nights in early autumn to prevent them getting frost-bitten, and a little later on is compelled to lug them up-stairs to a sun-exposed room in the top story, and then down again in sweet spring-time, until he feels as if he must go to a blacksmith shop and get a new hinge put in his back and have his knee-joints lubricated—this man is positive that out of the one hundred thousand known species his wife has selected the five thousand that are more or less hurtful; and when he sees them out in the yard again, nothing would fill him with more bliss than for an able-bodied cyclone to come along and blow them into the next state.

## LIBERALITY AT OUR BOARDING-HOUSE.



HE ASKED THE LANDLADY TO PUT A STOVE IN HIS ROOM, AND SHE DID SO.

## THE LATEST FASHION NEWS.



MISS JUNE ASTOR MULCAHY HAS RETURNED FROM THE HEAT OF THE CITY TO HER BEAUTIFUL COTTAGE ON THE PALISADES OVERLOOKING THE HUDSON.



SWEET INFANCY.



HOW EVERYBODY ADMIRES OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN—



AND HOW PEOPLE ADMIRE THEIR OWN.

the medium of almanacs and patent-office reports, knows that the state's-prisons of the land are crowded with hardened wretches recruited from minstrel shows and circus companies. He fights heroically with his pen to guard his readers against the contaminating influence of the stage in general, until the advance-agent comes down liberally with tickets and "ads."

Never having been inside of a theatre in his life, the backwoods preacher is in a position to give a perfectly unbiased opinion upon the stage and everything pertaining to it. Never having occupied a seat in the front row on a first night, or been the debased possessor of an opera-glass, his mind is left free and untrammelled by the prejudices which afflict his less fortunate fellow-beings.

Occupying, as he does, such a point of vantage, his opinion of the stage, as well as that given by the hay-seed editor, can not help but carry conviction to even the minds of the hardened, whole-souled members of the theatrical profession themselves.

His boots want half-soleing and heeling, he is out of tooth-powder, his umbrella looks like an enlarged window-ventilator, he lives in lodgings, and he is running short of coal—and the girl, whose heart in conjunction with his, beats as one, will send him a green velvet smoking-cap, embroidered with pink chenille. And he does not smoke.

WHY is the tramp like a servant-girl? Because he lives out by the month. Any minstrel-show or circus desiring jokes like the above should send in their orders immediately, as we are just clearing out our fall stock at a great sacrifice.

It is during these days of business that a clergyman, on selecting a chapter of the Bible to read in church, first looks at the end of the last verse to make sure that no patent-medicine advertisement is hitched on.

TEACHER.—What is velocity?

BRIGHT YOUTH.—Velocity is what a man puts a hot plate down with.



SHE is pretty as a fairy,  
And her voice is soft and low,  
And her chatter light and airy  
Like a babbling stream doth flow.  
As she walks the long verandas  
Of our watering-place hotel,  
All the rustic Jane Amandas  
Wish that they could be so swell.  
And her presence is so sunny,  
As she flits about the place,  
You'd suppose the bees for honey  
Would go hunting on her face.  
And you think, if she'd invite you  
Just to call on her in town,  
How immensely 't would delight you,—  
That's  
Mrs. Brown.

As your eyes in admiration  
Trace her flitting here and there,  
You are lost in speculation  
Not unmingled with despair  
O'er the happiness unbounded  
That the lucky Brown has got,  
And you wish the chap confounded  
When you think what you have *not*.  
Oh, she's very, very pretty—  
Yet, my friend, there's not a case  
Of scandal, gossip witty,  
Or the like, around the place,  
Not a case of wicked chatter,  
When you come to sift it down,  
But you'll find that *she's* the matter—  
It's  
Mrs. Brown.

THE HAY-SEED AND THE STAGE.

THE utterly depraved condition of the modern stage justly calls forth the indignation of the hay-seed editor and backwoods preacher.

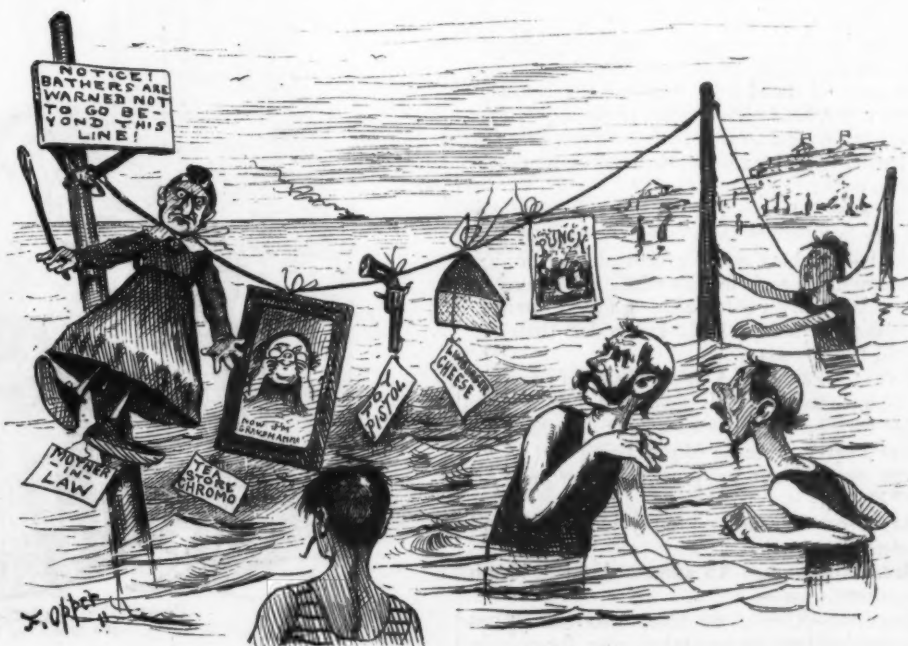
The detective force of the entire country is kept constantly busy ferreting out the crimes and atrocities committed by the reckless, genial and kind-hearted members of the theatrical profession.

Nothing but the strong hand of the law holds in check the blood-thirsty, over-worked comedian, and the cut throat, under-paid general utility man, while the term "walking gentleman" has become the synonym for every offense known to the criminal code, as can be easily ascertained by consulting the columns of the *Yokel Gazette* or the *Cross-Corners Startler*.

The Borgia-like and fun-provoking soubrette is fast becoming the terror of society, and the high-handed crimes committed by the struggling, slander-fighting, modern leading lady throw into the shade anything known in the history of Newgate, and the congregations of Stabtown, Awaybackville and other centres of enlightenment and progress have been thrown grievously off the track.

Where will you find a more reckless criminal than the plodding, work-sick-or-well comic opera-singer, unless it be the four-dollar-a-week fagged out ballet-dancer? The rural editor, who always keeps himself informed through

TO PREVENT DROWNING ACCIDENTS AT THE SEA-SIDE—



DECORATE THE DANGER ROPES AS ABOVE, AND RASH BATHERS WILL NOT WANT TO GO OUTSIDE OF THEM.

## HER EXPLANATION.



"Isn't that fur cape a little unseasonable for this time of year, my dear?"

"Oh, yes, papa, p'r'aps it is. But I got it at a bargain, because it's August, and I'm wearing it now because they're going out of fashion next winter."

## TRUTH AS SHE IS NOT SPOKE.

A COMPANY is being organized for the encouragement of Naked Truth—provided the weather becomes sufficiently warm for its appearance in public without catching its death of cold.

It is a curious but instructive meteorological fact that even with the thermometer at 114° in the shade in August, it is usually a cold day for Naked Truth.

Which is about the only time when N. T. has the advantage over Eli Perkins and the rest of us.

The programme of the reformers mentioned includes the issuance of an entirely new vocabulary for the guidance and use of members, and the moral enlightenment and elevation of the anti-truth masses. From advance sheets of this work—comparatively unimportant because true—a few samples are selected quite at random:

**GENTLEMANLY HOTEL-CLERK.**—This is the vulgar snob who prides himself on being able to "size up" every human being on whom his eye falls in a business way, in order to decide just how much of arrogance, insolence, inattention and discomfort of all sorts and descriptions each one will stand from him in a given time.

**POET.**—A man whose "Ode to Spring" never brings in enough to offset what he has owed to his landlady and washerwoman for many miserable months.

**POSTAGE-STAMP.**—The tax government makes one pay in advance for a service it has not performed—and may not perform at all, refusing in payment its own money when it happens to be mutilated silver coins, although their intrinsic value may be nearer their face-value than the hybrid trade-dollars.

**NAVAL OFFICER.**—A man whose enthusiasm for his profession is only surpassed by his contempt for the alleged men-of-war on which he makes a sorry pretense of practising it. (*Mem.:* In the case of our navy, why not "women-of-war"?)

**BANK OF DEPOSIT.**—Simply a sinking-fund for depositors.

**BOB INGERSOLL.**—An animated object-lesson to students of —.

**EASTER.**—A religious celebration which has degenerated into an annual excuse for enriching milliners and affiliated freebooters at the expense of despairing husbands and fathers.

**MILLIONAIRE.**—An ultra-anti-gentleman (usually).

**GENTLEMAN.**—An ultra-anti-millionaire (usually).

**PATRIOT.**—A man who never did and never will hold office.

**POLITICIAN.**—A man who never was and never will be a patriot.

**CITY-EDITOR.**—The man who supports blue pencil manufactories, and makes the reporters wish they had never been born.

**REPORTER.**—The man who makes the life of the city-editor a burden, and supports the newspaper that thinks it is doing him a favor by paying him about one-half what his services would really be worth if there was not such a tremendous crop of would-be reporters in reserve.

**AN HONEST MAN.**—Extinct in Wall Street; but a few choice specimens still extant in newspaper-offices.

For further particulars see

NOAH COUNT.

## SHE TOOK THE VEIL.

At Macy's—Hour: 5 P. M.

SHE took the veil!—'twas at the twilight hour,  
When eve her dusky mantle gently spread  
Athwart the counters, and the gaslights shed  
A yellowish hue of dim, uncertain power.

She took the veil!—most skillfully and sly,  
When clerks were busy and cash-girls were flitting  
From desk to counter, as indeed befitting  
The trade's exactions and a prompt supply.

She took the veil!—unmindful of the "walker";  
She saw not him who fixed his watchful eye  
Upon her movements ever anxiously,  
Awaiting only the right time to balk her.

She took the veil!—and, calmly, then arose  
And turned to go—when sudden, sharp and clear  
A voice rang out: "Policeman, quick, come here!  
Here 's a shoplifter! Come and search her clothes!"

F. W. P.

## A WISE CHILD.



"Eugenia, didn't I tell you an hour ago to send that young man of yours home?"

"Yes, papa, dear."

"But he went out just now—I heard him—"

"Yes, papa, dear; but he went the first time, and then he found he'd taken your umbrella, by mistake, and so he came to bring it back. Dear George is so conscientious."

## THE A. A. AND THE P. M. M.

A CERTAIN Advertising Agent once went to a Patent Medicine Man to Secure his Advertisement, and, upon admitting that the Circulation of his Paper was but Two Hundred Copies weekly, the Patent Medicine Man threw him out on the Sidewalk and Danced all over his Anatomy for Wasting his Valuable Time.

**MORAL.**—Never tell the Truth, especially Regarding your Circulation.

## A HINT TO CITY BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPERS.



**FARMER HOST.**—Yes, sir, as long as this 'ere block and mallet hold out there won't be no tough meat in this boardin' house!



Consequence of the Decorative Door-Mat.



"Ah! Welcome! Well, now, this is th' fus' time in my career that I have had such courtesy extended me. Gosh, I must think up a toast fer this occasion."

### PUCK'S TITLE-TIPS.

"THE Hope Hour"—Six P. M.  
 "Winning His Way"—PUCK.  
 "Moths"—In My Swallow-Tail.  
 "Nobody"—The Vice-President.  
 "The Turf Club"—The Shillaleh.  
 "The Vision of Sin"—Pink Zebras.

"Song of the Bell"—Ding, Dong.  
 "Out of the Fire"—Marvin's Safe.  
 "Face to Face"—Pugilists—rarely.  
 "On the Edge of Winter"—Spring.  
 "Around the House"—A Mortgage.  
 "On the Heights"—West Hoboken.  
 "The Red Rag"—The Sheriff's Flag.  
 "A Bushel of Fun"—PUCK'S ANNUAL.  
 "No Man's Friend"—The Black Bottle.  
 "The Sleeping Beauty"—The Policeman.  
 "The Love that Lived"—Love of Money.  
 "Home, Sweet Home"—The White House.  
 "A Dog's Mission"—To Follow His Master.  
 "Frolic on a Journey"—Robert J. Burdette.  
 "The Four Kings"—See Schenck on Poker.  
 "Thicker Than Water"—Milk, but not much.  
 "Under Green Apple Boughs"—The Small

Boy.

"The Ancestral Footstep"—A Chicago Belle's.

"The Captain of the Watch"—The Pawnbroker.

"The Question of Cain"—Gold or Silver-Headed?

"A Year Out of My Life"—One Spent at Sing Sing.

"The American Boy's Handy Book"—The Dime Novel.

"The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table"—The Waiter.

"The Lady of the Lake"—The Sweet Singer of Michigan.

"Rare Good Luck"—Finding the Oyster in the Ecclesiastical Stew.

"The Golden Bird"—The American Eagle on a Ten-Dollar Piece.

"A Good Investment"—Twenty-five Cents for PUCK ON WHEELS.

"Weighed and Found Wanting"—The Tea-Store's Five-Pound Package.

SUPERINTENDENT MURRAY'S ORDERS.



OFFICER DIETRICH (of the Broadway squad).—Ve got to pe bolite und shendlemanlike, now, don't id? Vell, I ped you dot I vas a tude, und no boliceman vas goin' to be boliter mit t'ose laties dan I vas, hain't id? Look ad dose moustache!

### PIKE COUNTY PHILOSOPHY.

ACCORDING TO THE OLD SETTLER.

THE sayin' th't it's better to give th'n to receive is a good un, ginerly speakin'; but when I heerd a feller crack it wunst, in refusin' to receive a bad shillin' from a poor cuss th't he had give it to hisself only a minute afore, I thort to m'self, b'gosh, that even the best o' sayin's was liable to warp a leetle, wunst in a while.

I heerd a feller say, wunst, an' he were a pooty tol'able decent chap, too, th't he'd rather be right th'n be President. Wull, now, boys, that rather depends a leetle on sarcumstances. If he means president o' the Chucktown Sheep-Thief Detectin' S'ciety, I'm with him; but if he means president of a railroad, or President o' this great an' glorious kentry—wull, I won't say 'dzac'ly th't I'm agin him, but I'm a-thinkin' th't I'd s'arch the dictionary from the interduction clean through to the hog-Latin in the hind-end, an' find out inter jis' what shape the meanin' o' right could be twisted, afore I'd go an' commit myself. I would, b'gosh!

Thuz a heap o' folks ez calls 'emselfs Christians th't seems to furgit all about the Lord till they'm in danger, or want sumpin' powerful bad, an' when I run ag'in one o' that kind, I alluz think o' ole Bill Jump an' the b'ar. Bill were goin' through the woods, one day, an' he met a big b'ar. Bill didn't want to fight, but the b'ar did an' were boun' to. Bill see he were in fur it, an' got skeert a little. So he flopped down on his hard ole marrer-bones, an' 'gun to pray.

"O Lord!" he says: "I never ast ye fur nuthin' afore," he says: "an' if y'll unly help me out this time, I'll never ast ye fur nuthin' ag'in," he says: "But, O Lord," he says: "if ye can't help me, don't help the b'ar," he says: "an' ye'll see the dod-durndest b'ar-fight," he says: "th't ever shook up these woods!"

Speaking o' sayin's, th' hain't no truer one th'n th't charity begins to hum. If thuz any feller ez wants to be char'table, an' hain't got no hum to b'gin at, I want to put it on record right here th't th' hain't a word in the good ole sayin' that pervents him from goin' right to work an' beginnin' at mine. ED. MOTT.

### "MEN MUST WORK AND WOMEN MUST WEEP."



"Phwat's the trouble wid 'im, Mrs. Murphy?"

"Oh, it's a bad cold, contracted at a silver-service examination, he tells me."

"Indade! Well, it's better off ye are thin meself. My poor man wint aff on the loikes o' wan o' thim expidations, an' he niver came back at all."

"Sure an' a cold didn't kill 'im, I hope, Mrs. Sullivan?"

"No; but the perlice did—most."

## DOMESTIC ECONOMY.



THIS IS A PRETTY SURE SIGN THAT YOUR WIFE IS ABOUT TO MAKE  
YOU A BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

## CELEBRATED MEN.

WE are accustomed to think of the heroes of the past as beings grand, gloomy and particular, forever thundering forth Philippics, or declaiming those extremely neat dying speeches which no persons except actors in melodramas or the heroes aforesaid were ever known to utter. Take up any ancient history, and you at once get the impression that these gentlemen were always prepared to see company—arrayed, metaphorically speaking, in their “best bib and tucker.” No matter what the emergency, they were invariably all ready with an epigram or piece of rhetoric “singularly appropriate to the occasion,” as the newspapers say when describing the remarks of a horse-car conductor presented with a gold watch.

The real reason why these B. C. parties occupy such an exalted position in our thoughts is undoubtedly that they were unacquainted with the habits and customs which now make no man a hero to his valet or anybody else. Fancy, for example, that smoking had been as universal in the classic ages as at present, and see what the effect would have been.

Imagine Cæsar directing a battle, cigar in mouth, *à la* Grant, and, just at the moment when the Tenth Legion was about to make complicated hash of its opponents, turning to ask one of his officers for a light! Why, the grandeur of the scene would entirely vanish, and readers would only inquire whether the cigar was a real Havana or only a five-cent *flor de cabagio*.

Picture to yourself Socrates (who was the greatest loafer of whom

## ENCOURAGING THE YOUNG IDEA.



OFFICER.—Take care there, lady!

LADY.—Why don't you make the boy stop?

OFFICER.—Well, we're getting to be a Nation of Athletes; and you wouldn't have me discourage a boy who can turn cart-wheels like that, would you?

history has left any record) lounging about the street-corners of Athens, and alternately posing some unoffending citizen with all sorts of perplexing questions and begging a chew of tobacco! Or, to come down to later times, fancy Sir Launcelot, the bravest knight of the Round Table, galloping along in search of adventures with a T. D. pipe sticking out between the bars of his helmet! The romance would disappear like a flash.

Who could get up any admiration for William Tell and his son Albert if they had been in the habit of playing high-low-jack for the beer at the Altdorf tavern, or if Tell had been accustomed to shoot apples from Albert's head on a ten-cent wager? Not one. And yet, all these persons must have done things just as commonplace and unheroic, and may bless their stars that History has generally ignored them.

Perhaps it may be asked: “What is a celebrated man?” Well, if you are a general, and kill an unusually large number of your fellow-creatures, you at once obtain celebrity. If you murder some one with a sufficient degree of atrocity, the same result follows. The being or doing anything out of the common way will always attract the attention and comment of men, and it makes little difference what it is. There is scarcely a man who is not, or does not consider himself distinguished in some particular thing, no matter how trivial or absurd. He can either lift more than others, or play the jewsharp better, or tell more lies in a given space of time, or write a better poem, or eat more hard-boiled eggs at a sitting—in some way or other he enjoys a sense of superiority.

And, after all, whatever names, big or little, we may write on the sands of the world's memory must alike be washed away by the great ocean of time that forever beats upon it. “It will be all the same a thousand years hence.”

M. P.

## A LOST OPPORTUNITY.



FIRST COMMUNIST.—Tell you what 'tis, cit'zen Schmidt, these here American people ain't got no enterprise—no snap—not sense enough to know a good chance when they see it. Why, this here election was jest bilin' over with a good show for anarchy—an' did they take it up? No, sirree.

SECOND CHILD OF PROGRESS.—Nah! Dot vos so. Dere vosn't aenarchy enough in 'em to prake a beer-zaloon open, ain't it? I shame myself for dot holy banner of communismus, my frent. Uf some of dem colletch shtudents don't choïn us, ve vos up der shpout gegone, dot's sairtin.

## PARTICULAR PARAGRAPHS.

OUR E. C. *Good Cheer* says, that an ordinary piece of joist as thick as a common brick, heated in the oven, will keep you warm in a sleigh for several hours. We don't know why it should be necessary to have the stick so thick, as the office-boy states that he was once warmed with a stick not much thicker than a lead-pencil, that the stick was not previously warmed in the oven, that it kept him warm for a week, and that he thinks it made him dance about one hundred and fifty miles or more.

THE THEORY of earthquakes is very simple. The earth, it appears, absorbs the electricity from the vapors arising from the volatile waters under the tropics, and at about the same period an internal pressure is produced in the molten matter on the inside crust of the earth, which sets this matter in a more rapid state of motion, and when it passes over thin parts of the crust, earthquakes make themselves manifest. Or, in the less pretentious terms of Prof. John L. Sullivan, the eminent slugger, late of literary Boston: “The stuff in the earth's innards gets too hot and busts its crust in the weak spots.”



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**ARE PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.**

The demands now made by an educated musical public are so exacting that very few Pianoforte Manufacturers can produce instruments that will stand the test which merit requires. **SOHMER & CO.**, as Manufacturers, rank amongst this chosen few, who are acknowledged to be makers of standard instruments. In these days, when many Manufacturers urge the low price of their wares rather than their superior quality as an inducement to purchase, it may not be amiss to suggest that, in a Piano, quality and price are too inseparably joined to expect the one without the other. Every Piano ought to be judged as to the quality of its tone, its touch and its workmanship; if any one of these is wanting in excellence, however good the others may be, the instrument will be imperfect. It is the combination of these qualities in the highest degree, that constitutes the perfect Piano, and it is this combination that has given the "**SOHMER**" its honorable position with the trade and the public.

Musical authorities and critics prefer the "**SOHMER**" Pianos, and they are purchased by those possessing refined musical taste and appreciating the richest quality of tone and the highest perfection generally in a Piano.

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Received First Prize Centennial Exhibition, Philadelphia, 1876.  
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**TOMATOKETCHUP.**

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made entirely from ripe, unfermented  
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The finest table condiment ever introduced; its rich and spicy aroma satisfies connoisseurs, and its delicacy of flavor makes it popular with ladies and children. Guaranteed to keep in any climate.

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**THE KURSHEEDT M'F'G CO.,**  
NEW YORK CITY.

## A WIFE'S TEARS.



SYMPATHIZING FRIEND.—Why, my dear, what's the matter?

THE MOURNER.—Oh, oh, oh! My husband's going to South America.

S. F.—Well, poor dear, don't cry. It might be worse, you know—

THE M.—No, it couldn't—I've got to go with him.

## PROPERTIES.

AS A VEHICLE of jest the plumber is a tolerably well-worn conveyance. He ought to figure in obituary. The rose has withered on his cheek, a crack permeates his voice, his eye is dimmed, and the down of perennial growth that once adorned his dimpled chin has fallen against the merciless edge of the razor. He is bent and bald with an age that has attained a marvelous multiple of the nine lives. In the ink-bottle of the humorist the plumber found what Ponce de Leon searched for in vain. But that is no excuse for exempting the plumber from the common fate of all.

WITH THE ancients the goat probably went hand-in-hand with the cat, and the goat is still too sacred an animal to be meddled with. Perhaps, though, if the goat is only given hemp enough, it may eventually execute capital punishment upon itself, or, some day, by mistake, eat something digestible, thereby so surprising its stomach that it—the goat—will die of chagrin.

SOME THINGS always keep cool. The iceman, while hot shot is poured into him on every side, is one. The stove-pipe with the irreconcilable joints is another; it is never too hot to be put up. But it's high time that properties in such an advanced state of

decomposition as these were relegated to shades where an assumption of coolness is of no avail.

THE OTHER day, a man walking along Broadway met a banana-skin. He walked round it warily. He gradually narrowed the circle till at length he got a powerful focus on the unlucky skin. It quailed beneath the concentration of that withering gaze, and when he spoke a few swift, short words, it curled up like a chip of bacon on a plate of shad-roe. Having thus extracted the venom from its sting, the man picked it up and carried it to the middle of the street, where a gang that had been digging for gas-pipes were replacing the pave. The skin was laid in a soft bed of earth, a boulder weighing about forty pounds was placed upon it, pounded down, and fine pebbles sifted in the interstices. A moment later a hundred trucks rattled over the stone that marked its resting-place; a thousand iron-shod hoofs clattered its requiem; and the hum of the busy throng above it sounded like the myriad of bees in the hollyhocks by Ellen's grave on the windy hill.

B. ZIM.

WHY IS IT that a young man and a young woman will sit for hours and hours together in a parlor without saying a word; and then, when it is time for him to leave, stand an hour talking earnestly on the front-stoop in the still pneumonic air?

THREE OF a kind beat two pairs, but not when they are gloves.

## TRUE ECONOMY.



PHILOSOPHER.—Why do you lie around doing nothing? Why don't you go to work?

TRAMP.—I am idle for the sake of economy.

PHILOSOPHER.—How do you explain that?

TRAMP.—Well, if I work, I get thirsty; if I get thirsty, I must drink; but I have no money to get a drink with.

## A FALLACY.

ONE OF our exchanges says that no error is more absurd than that violins are improved by

age. Strictly speaking, we are not a musical paper; yet we agree with our E. C., when it says that age does not improve a violin. We have a certain violin in our mind as we write. It was a splendid violin when it was young, and we remember distinctly that we thought it capable of talking at the time. When it was three months old, the baby dropped a lot of gravel in it. When it had advanced another year, the small boy of the family cut his initials on it with a jack-knife, and in some places the point of the knife perforated the wood. Several months after this the head of the family took it down to play a reel, and when he discovered what had been done, he picked up the violin and hammered the small boy all around the room. He got about twice as much music out of the boy as he did out of the violin. In fact, when he got through there wasn't enough violin left to play half-a-bar of "Mikado" on. That's why we say that time doesn't improve a violin.

## WHAT WE ARE COMING TO;

OR, MARRIAGE IN THE FUTURE.

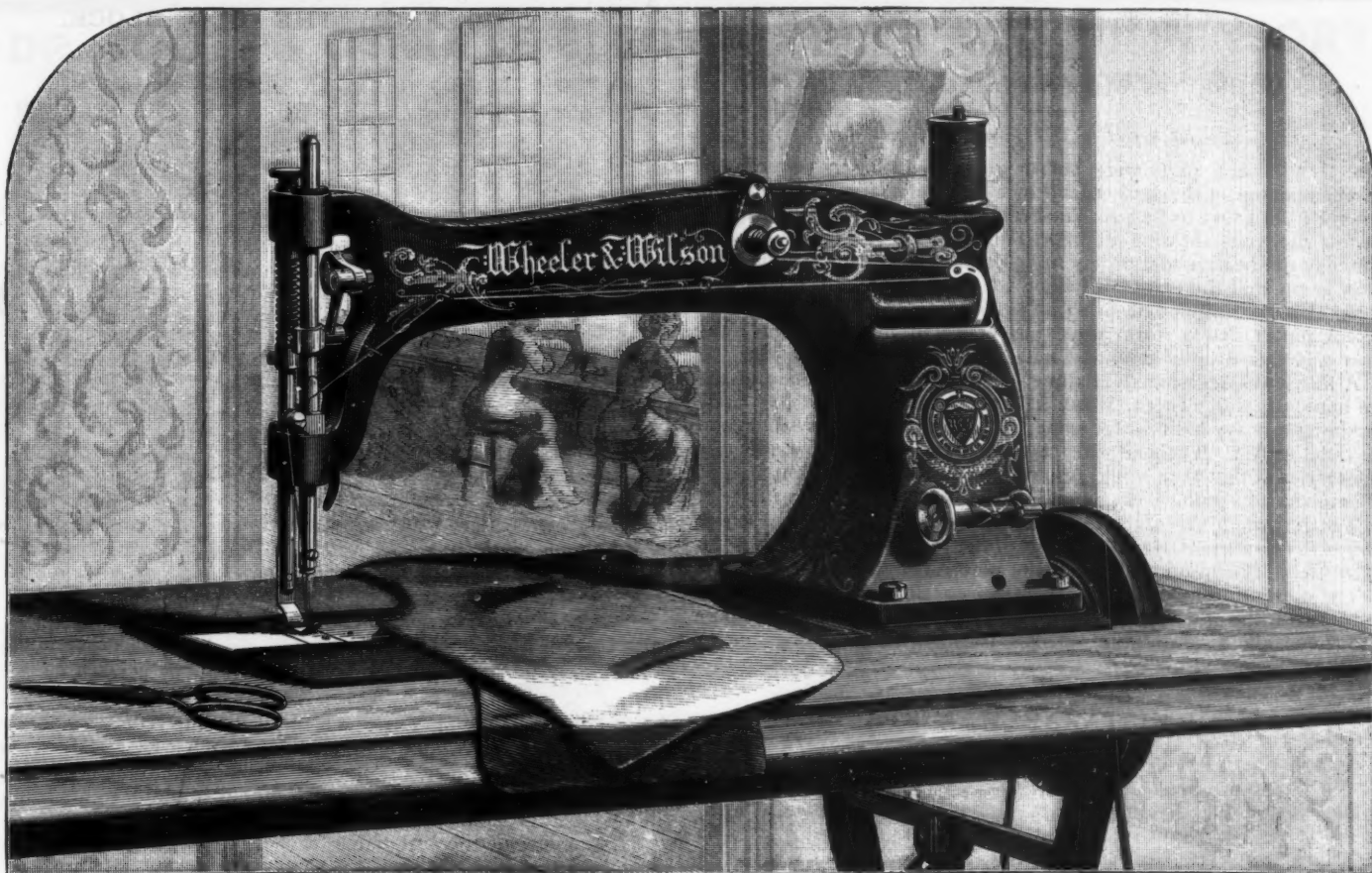


SUITOR.—For thirty long years, sir, I have loved your daughter, and have at last acquired sufficient fortune to support her in the style to which she is accustomed. I ask her hand.

PAPA.—Bless you, my children, bless you!

A GUARANTEE OF GOOD FAITH—Giving a Church Ten Thousand Dollars.





WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES, for Family Use and all grades of Manufacturing, adapted to run by foot, hand or steam power, are declared by the highest authorities "The Best in the World." Address,

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## OZONE SOAP

IS A COMBINATION PECULIAR TO ITSELF.

A soap that will wash in Warm or Cold water, in Hard or Soft water. In fact, can be used any way you please, and guaranteed not to injure the finest fabric. Clothes last longer when washed with OZONE SOAP. It is endorsed by thousands as THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS forfeited if it will not do all that is claimed. Full particulars on soap wrapper.

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**THE MOST SATISFACTORY COMPANY TO WORK FOR.**

STEPHEN BALL,  
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Manufactured by **THE ARMSTRONG M'FG CO.**



New York Office, 132 Church Street.

## BAXTER STREET.

HOW THE STOCK WENT YESTERDAY.

*Special Report by Our Financial Editor.*

THE Mandelbaum party were bullish on spring trousers yesterday at the opening of the market, and by a series of sharp sales advanced the price from \$1.25 to \$1.50. The general list sympathized but slightly with this rise, vests showing an improvement from 35c. to 45c. Later in the day the bears, under orders from Lazarus Moses and Rabbi Isaac Isaacs, hammered the market all along the lines, breaking it from 3 to 5 points. Ulsters dropped from \$3 to \$2.25, and overalls from 75c. to 65c. A report that a warm wave was expected to-morrow gave the former a further drop of 25c. and rallied the latter to 80c.

A flurry was occasioned at three o'clock by the suspension of the large house of Morgenstern, Moses & Katzenjammer. They had lately been doing a heavy business for some Italian firms in regular stock, and were rated as A 1. Their attorney stated that the suspension was merely temporary, and that they would resume in a few days. Italians jumped on the news, suits going to \$3.75 and petticoats to 28c.

The Jerusalem *Herald* claims that a new pool is forming, whose object is the control of the Thompson Street traffic. The report is denied by Caesar Brownson, who heads the syndicate of the latter property.

The opposition to curb-stone operators continues. Yesterday, by a vote of 5 to 1, the gutter-privileges of Levi Levy were rescinded. There is also some talk against the scalpers. They undoubtedly are injuring

## AN UNMISTAKABLE MISTAKE.



"Bedad, but that ould vessel's gone off wid a passenger what's left behind!"

the regular trade. Paradise Abrahams, their leader, cut spring overcoats yesterday 20 per cent. The market closed very dull. The closing quotations were:

	Bid.	Asked.	Sales.
Trousers (preferred).....	\$1.35	\$2.70	10
" (1865 issue).....	.25	.50	14
Vests.....	.40	1.50	2
Ulsters.....	1.25	4.00	1
" (1870 consol.).....	.50	1.00	1
Overalls.....	.75	1.00	12
Spring Overcoats.....	2.00	6.00	1
Hats.....	.25	1.50	1
St. Patrick Hats.....	.10	.50	15

Exports for the week ending Friday foot up \$490.17 to \$410.15 for the corresponding week in 1884, and \$412.19 in 1883.

Many country operators were on the Street yesterday. Most of their business was for investment purposes. Among other prominent dealers were Judas I. Jacobs, of Lebanon, Isidore Belmont Weinstein, of Bethlehem, Christian Crist, of New Canaan, and Eleazar Lazarus, of Jericho, L. I. Heavy orders by mail were received from Babylon, Carthage, Palmyra, Jerusalem, Bethel, Bethany, Mackerelville, and Halifax.

W. E. S. F.

SCIENCE TEACHES that in an ordinary liquid, or a transparent or semi-opaque solid body, the mean distance between the centres of two contiguous molecules is less than one five-millionth of a centimeter, and more than one-millionth part of a centimeter. Take an ordinary liquid in the shape of several drinks of whiskey, for example, and the mean distance between the saloon and the drinker's home becomes so opaque and tortuous that a duplicated number of gas-lights fails to prevent him from "colliding" with solid bodies. This application is not remarkable for its lucidity, but it is the mission of science to mystify.

## A CHIP FROM THE OLD BLOCK.



"SAY, PAPA, CAN'T YOU STRIKE YOUR CONGREGATION FOR FUNDS TO HELP ME BUILD MY CHURCH?"

## THE DINER AND THE QUAIL-ON-TOAST.

WHEN the Quail-on-Toast was brought the Diner said: "Ha, ha, my little Quail, you'll make me a Dainty Morsel now." "Don't be too sure," responded the Bird: "I am not a Quail at all; I am an English Sparrow four years old, and by rights belong in the Old Ladies' Home."

The moral of this little fable teaches us that all that glitters is not quail, and that we never should put our trust in restaurateurs.

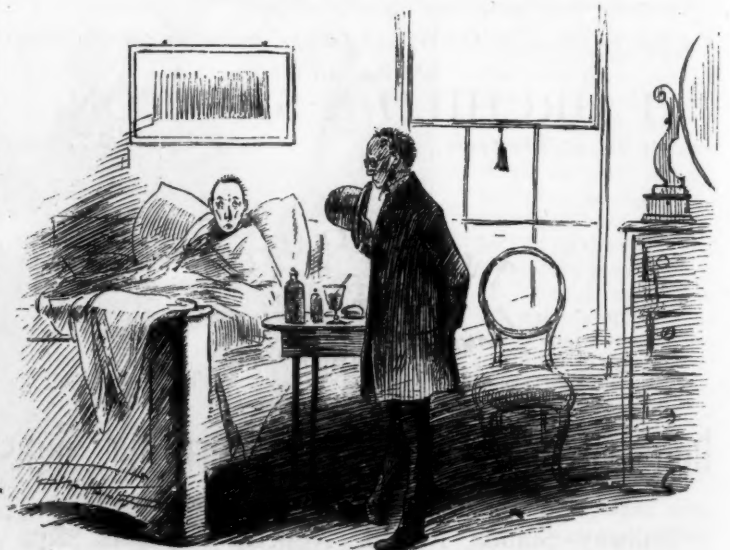
ANTITHESIS is a beautiful thing in composition. Here is one of the examples they used to give us when we went to school:

"Sullivan was the greater genius; Ryan was the better artist; in one we admire the man, in the other the work. Sullivan hurries us with a commanding impetuosity; Ryan leads us with an attractive majesty. Sullivan scatters with a generous profusion; Ryan bestows with a careful magnificence. Sullivan, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a sudden overflow; Ryan, like a river in its banks, with a constant stream."

Come to think of it, though, it was Homer and Virgil, not Sullivan and Ryan.

ONE OF the mysteries of human nature is that a woman can wind her hair up like a rope and stuff it in her mouth with a lot of hair-pins, and still be able to distinctly utter more words in two minutes than a man can say in a week, or a short-hand reporter take down in three days.

## THE RULING PASSION.



PATIENT (who has just been informed that her case is critical).—Doctor, does the hair grow after death?

DOCTOR.—I believe it does.

PATIENT.—Thank goodness! I shall look as well as the Smith girls, Judgment Day!



## DR. SCOTT'S GENUINE ELECTRIC BELT AND SUSPENSORY.

MOST POWERFUL AND RELIABLE, MOST DURABLE AND CHEAPEST APPLIANCES EVER INVENTED.

Sent Post-Paid on Trial.

We challenge the whole world to produce so effective and cheap an appliance as our Belt, and would caution the public to see that **Dr. Scott's** name is on the **Belt and Box**, and also on the **silvered compass** which accompanies each Belt, and by which its power is tested. **None other is genuine. Dr. Scott's** name also appears on all our **Corsets, Insoles and Brushes**.

It acts immediately upon the blood, nerves, and tissues, producing more benefit in a few hours than the doctor has given in weeks or months.

To Promote the Circulation, Stimulate the Organic Action, Renew Vital Energy, and Assist Digestion.

Universally approved by the Leading Physicians as the Best, Safest, and Most Effectual Remedy for Spinal Complaints, Incipient Consumption, Diarrhea, Pleurisy, Tumors, Asthma, Bronchitis, Epilepsy, Lumbago, Debility, Dropsy, Paralysis, Loss of Vigor, Hysteria, Cutaneous Diseases, Nervousness, Indigestion, Palpitation, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Impaired Circulation, &c.; and has cured some of the most obstinate and distressing cases, after all other remedies (so-called) have failed.

There is no waiting a long time for results. Electro-magnetism acts quickly, generally the first week, more frequently the first day, and often even during the first hour they are worn their wonderful curative powers are felt.

The mind becomes active, the nerves and sluggish circulation are stimulated, and all the old-time health and good feeling come back. They are constructed on scientific principles, imparting an exhilarating, health-giving current to the whole system.

The celebrated **Dr. W. A. Hammond**, of New York, formerly Surgeon-General of the U. S. Army, lately lectured upon this subject, and advised all medical men to make trial of these agencies describing at the same time most remarkable cures he had made, even in cases which would seem hopeless.

Dr. Scott's Electric Insoles worn with either his Belt or Corset, accomplish most wonderful results. Price 50 Cents.



CEDAR FALLS, IOWA.  
Dr. Scott.—Belt received all O. K. It has done me more good in a short time than all the medicine I have taken in my life.  
E. W. MEADE.

ROCKBRIDGE, Wis., Aug. 26, '84.  
Dr. Scott.—I was troubled with rheumatism of long standing. Your Electric Belt is doing me much good.  
J. SNOW.

EAST GREENWICH, R. I., Dec. 17.  
Dr. Scott.—It gives me much pleasure to state that I sold one of your Belts to a gentleman who was suffering so severely from his back that he could not stoop at all. He has worn the Belt with astonishing results to us all. He is now able to attend to his business regularly, and would not sell his Belt for \$100.00, if he could not replace it.  
GEO. HUDSON, Agent.

BALTIMORE, Md., 26 N. Gay St.  
Dr. Scott.—I have worn Dr. Scott's Electric Belt with great benefit from general nervous debility of many years' standing, and for which I had taken all the medicines which doctors could prescribe to no avail.  
L. H. MILLER.

PEORIA, Ill.  
Dr. Scott.—I have spent several hundred dollars in the City of Peoria, doctoring for kidney, liver and nervous diseases, during twelve years, but have received no permanent benefit. I have since worn one of Dr. Scott's Electric Belts, and am entirely cured. I have also found great relief from neuralgia in the use of his Hair Brush.  
C. W. HORNISH.

ELICOTT CITY, Md.  
Dr. Scott.—Your Garments have been of more benefit to me during the past few months than all the medicine I have taken for years.  
R. H. THOMPSON.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., 2131 Henrietta St., Nov. 24, '84.  
Dr. Scott.—Your Belt has cured me of rheumatism of and around the kidneys.  
W. H. UYJOHN.

**Price of Belt, \$3; Suspensory, \$5; Lung and Nerve Invigorator, \$5 and \$10.**

We desire to caution the public against spurious imitations. Ask for and see that you get **Dr. Scott's** genuine appliances, and you run no risk. We have a world-wide reputation extending over many years for honest dealing and meritorious goods. Try them; you will not be disappointed.

For our responsibility we refer you to The Bank of the Metropolis, New York, and also the publishers of this and the thousands of other papers in which our advertisements appear in all countries. Send for illustrated pamphlet of our Brushes, Corsets, and other appliances, which will be mailed postpaid on application.

If you cannot obtain our genuine goods at your drug-store or our authorized agent, remit the price, with 20 cents added for packing, postage, etc., in a Post Office Money Order, Draft, or Currency in Registered Letter, at our risk, and we will forward goods postpaid. Mention this paper. Make all remittances payable to **GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York**. A good live canvassing agent wanted in every town. Quick sales; satisfaction. Territory, and large profits guaranteed. No risk. Send for pamphlet "Dr. Scott's Genuine Elastic Trusses."

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DOG FOOD!

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SPRATTS  
PATENT  
STAMPED

FEED YOUR DOGS ON  
**SPRATTS PATENT DOG BISCUITS.**

These results will follow their use:

Immunity from Disease!      Thick, Glossy Coat!  
Sweet Breath!      Clean, Sound Teeth!  
Regular Habit

And perfect freedom from that **STRONG ODOR** which render dogs fed on meat unfit for the house.

**NO OTHER FOOD NECESSARY!**  
**NO PREPARATION REQUIRED!**  
**NO TROUBLE! NO MESS!**

**SPRATTS PATENT** are the Original English Dog Biscuit, invented by them 25 years ago. 90,000 dogs consume 200 tons of these biscuits every week, and eat no other food.

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**CHALLENGE POULTRY MEAL AND PRAIRIE MEAT CRISSEL,**  
**THE GREATEST EGG PRODUCER.**

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**SPRATTS PATENT (AMERICA), LIMITED,**

239—245 E. 56TH STREET, NEW YORK.

## THE HOWARD GALVANIC SHIELD

Restores Health, Strength and Vigor without Medicines.

THE RESULTS ATTAINED BY THIS APPLIANCE ARE UNPRECEDENTED IN ELECTRICAL OR MEDICAL SCIENCE. We furnish in our Illustrated Pamphlet, which is sent free, sworn proof of the most marvelous cures. This appliance fits any part of the body. When applied over the stomach it overcomes DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, BELCHING, SOUR STOMACH, LANGUOR, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, DIZZINESS, FLUSHES OF HEAT and other distressing feelings.

Applied over the small of the back, as shown in cut, it cures: NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS, KIDNEY DISEASE, RHEUMATISM, EPILEPSY, PARALYSIS, LUMBAGO and other ailments.



As worn on back, covering nerve-vital centres. PAT. FEB. 29, 1879.

TO THOSE WHO HAVE A TIRED, WEARY FEELING, not sick, not well, muscles becoming flabby and wasted, step less firm and elastic, the mind losing its grasp and vigor, and virile strength stealing away; sleep less refreshing, weak, languid, irritable, fretful, nervous forgetful, unsocial, without any apparent cause; energies can no longer be concentrated, thoughts are clouded and disconnected, that life is fast becoming a burden to you, or

If you suffer from Kidney, Liver and Bladder Diseases, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Weak Back, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Dyspepsia, General Debility, Constipation, Piles, Malaria, Or a Want of Nerve, LIFE AND VIGOR.

PRICE of Shield No. 1, \$2.00, and warranted two years.

Read what a Prominent Banker, Editor and other leading citizens say about its Curative Effects.

**Weakness of the Kidneys, Etc.**  
I can speak from my own experience and that of many others who have been cured by the Howard Appliances of Kidney Disease, Rheumatism, Nervousness and other ailments. You can refer any one to me as to their efficacy.

**GEO. H. HELFRICH,**  
Cashier Citizens' National Bank, Ashland, Penn.

**Weak Back, Indigestion, Constipation, Nervous Debility, Etc.**  
Colonel Foster, Hotel Madison, 14th St., New York; Theo. M. Roche, Real Estate, corner 8th and Broadway, C. H. Applegate, Editor of "Dry Goods Chronicle," 113 Chambers St., New York, and thousands of others, whose testimony we can give, vouch for these wonderful appliances for the cure of these and other ailments.

**Do you suffer from Rheumatism?**  
If so, the Howard Galvanic Shield will cure it. It cured me, after suffering for three years, causing muscular atrophy. Was on crutches. Now I am well, and have been for nearly two years. I can speak from personal experience and that of many other cases of people cured in this and adjoining counties, as your Shields have been sold here for years with most wonderful success.

**W. C. McCLENAHAN,** Ex-Supt. of Public Schools, Millin Co., Milroy, Penn.

It cured my mother of Rheumatism after everything else had failed. There is nothing on earth equal to it.

**E. H. HUTTON,**  
Prop. Columbia House,  
111 and 113 North Broad St., Philadelphia, Penn.  
Thousands use them here and all over the world.



**TO THE RUPTURED,**  
This cut shows the Howard Electro-Magnetic Truss, which gives the full force of Magnetism and Galvanism directly over the break or rupture, and by its vitalizing effects upon the parts broken or ruptured, causes granulation and healing, and a perfect cure. It is most comfortable and easy to wear, and is a PERFECT RETAINER. Has no equal in the world. It can be changed in an instant for either side, right or left.

**AMERICAN GALVANIC CO.,**  
No. 756 Broadway, Corner 8th Street, NEW YORK.

## THE HORN IN HISTORY.



BLOWING.



BLOWN OFF.

## THE CROPS THAT NEVER FAIL.

THE farmer may sigh o'er the failure—  
The failure, we mean, of his crops;  
His barley, his wheat, and his clover,  
His rye and his corn and his hops.

But we never sigh o'er a failure—  
We've none, for we're always in luck.  
Oh, the crops that are always successful  
Are the three crops of PICKINGS FROM PUCK.

And if you would be just the merriest  
Of mortals that breathe 'neath the sun,  
When the Third Crop of PICKINGS you've finished,  
Send on for a Two and a One.

WHEN a small boy appears in new clothes,  
he is afraid to meet his companions for fear of  
being ridiculed. But when a girl steps out in  
new garments, she makes it a point to go where  
her acquaintances may see and envy her.

## A MASSACRE ON MANHATTAN ISLAND.

LO HAD suffered long.  
Every time Figgleshtahler wheeled him out  
and stood him up by the door, a fresh contu-  
sion attested Figgleshtahler's carelessness and  
Lo's phenomenal vitality.

Lo once had a noble nose—a nose that any  
savage might have been proud of; but it had  
been barked so often against the door-jam that  
it had long since lost all semblance to a nose.  
Not a trace of its pristine beauty remained.

Lo's fringed legs and moccasined feet might  
once have excited the envy of the Last of the  
Mohicans himself; but Figgleshtahler let him fall  
one day and split the calf off one leg, and then  
gave him an impatient knock which chipped  
off a section of moccasin containing Lo's left  
great toe.

Lo, as he stood there silent and sad, day after  
day, year in, year out, in  
rain or shine, with un-  
flinching gaze and a stoic  
smile upon his weather-  
beaten face, looked as  
though he might have run  
the gauntlet of all the bat-  
tles of the Lava Beds, and  
have participated in all the  
long and bloody wars upon  
the earliest borders of the  
Beautiful River, besides—  
scarred as he was from  
scalp-lock to toe.

But beneath that mask of  
contemptuous indifference  
slumbered a subterranean  
fire.

It boded ill for Figgles-  
stahler.

For Lo sometimes  
dreamed of vengeance.  
And then the heart of Lo  
beat quickly, wildly; and  
the dreamy, far-away look  
which seemed to pierce a  
thousand miles of space  
and a hundred years of  
time, as it rested upon the  
wigwams on the banks of  
the Little Watappesittuck-  
quassoonooowetunquah, in  
the Valley of Kinnickin-  
nick, was whirled out of  
sight as an Autumn leaf on  
the bosom of the Big Wa-  
ters, or shriveled in the  
lightnings that flashed up-  
ward from the sudden fire  
within his savage breast.

Somewhat of mystery at  
first surrounded the death  
of Mr. Figgleshtahler.

When the morning was  
far advanced, and the win-  
dows of Figgleshtahler's  
shop were not yet unbarred,  
and Ariadne and the Greek  
Slave, and the Temptation  
of Saint Anthony, and the  
Vision of Faust and all the  
other visions, with seduct-  
ive smiles upon their faces  
and tin-tag plug in their  
hands, were still unhung on  
the outer wall, an inquiry  
was instituted and entrance  
forced.

Mr. Figgleshtahler was  
found prone upon his face  
—dead.

An ugly scalp-wound  
puzzled the doctors. It  
was clearly not a gun-  
shot wound—nor dirk, nor

sand-bag; it looked more like a rusty-axe-  
wound. But no such wound was known in the  
whole category of wounds tabulated by the  
first congress, and the eminent assemblage of  
saw-bones on the present occasion finally  
brought in a verdict of death from apoplexy.

But the eagle eye of the daily press reporter  
suddenly fell upon Lo with intuitive suspicion.

The tomahawk held in Lo's right hand was  
found covered with coagulated blood, and Lo's  
left hand grasped with fingers that could not  
be unloosed the few top-knot hairs that once  
adorned the head of Figgleshtahler.

Lo was sentenced to the Reservation in the  
far Northwest, and Mr. Figgleshtahler was buried  
with high honors by the Ancient Society of  
Red Men.

B. ZIM.

## THE LEFT ONE.

TO THE PLACQUE THAT HE BOUGHT BECAUSE IT LOOKED LIKE—

I.  
Clorinda, the years  
That divide me from you  
Are more than a hundred,  
And possibly two.  
And—what parts our two souls  
Even further away—  
You're a bogus bronze plaque,  
Made of *papier maché*.

II.  
But how like, O Clorinda,  
To her whom I knew  
A twelvemonth now vanished—  
How like her are you!  
For you're pretty, and shallow,  
And vanity-thin—  
A surface of beauty,  
And nothing within.



III.  
As you hang on the walls  
Of my bachelor room,  
I worship in clouds  
Of tobacco perfume;  
As that incense arises  
In front of your shrine,  
I dream on the days  
When I thought she was mine.

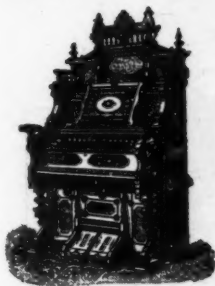
IV.  
The resemblance is doubtless,  
A matter of chance;  
But you're much like the maiden  
Who led me a dance.  
And the marked point of difference—  
My heart-strings, why stir?—  
Is this: that I've got you,  
And have n't got *her*.

ABE AURDER.



**WILCOX & WHITE**

**ORGANS.**



The general good qualities have secured for these Organs a high reputation, and a large and increasing sale. No proof stronger can we give of their merits.

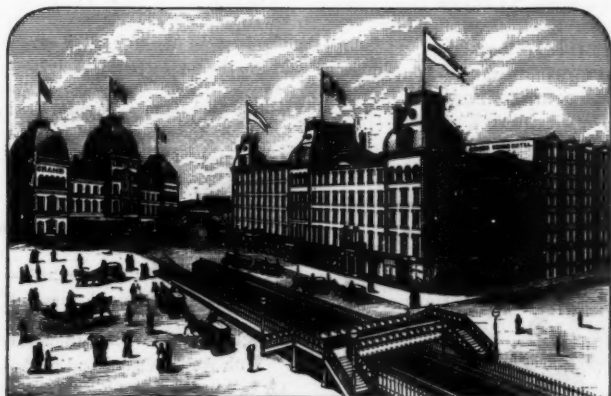
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Catalogue free to any address.

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MERIDEN, CONN.

**Grand Union Hotel,**  
(OPPOSITE GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT)  
**NEW YORK CITY.**

600 Handsomely Furnished Rooms \$1.00 PER DAY and Upwards.  
**EUROPEAN PLAN.**



FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT, DINING-ROOMS, CAFÉ  
AND LUNCH COUNTER, A LA CARTE,  
AT MODERATE PRICES.

*Carriage-Hire and Expressage Saved.*

GUESTS' BAGGAGE TO AND FROM GRAND  
CENTRAL DEPOT, FREE OF CHARGE.

W. D. GARRISON, Manager.

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DRESS SHIELDS. Seamless, elastic, re-  
sistant to heat, cold, and moisture. Wash-  
able, do not wrinkle, chafe or rip, and can be  
washed. Price, No. 2, per mail, 30c.  
**STOCKING SUPPORTERS** with  
band and loop on each side, adjusting itself to  
every movement of the wearer, are easily at-  
tached and warranted not to tear the stocking. Other  
supporters, by drawing from one point cause pain  
in hips, sides and back. Valuable for females of  
all ages. Made in four sizes. Price, per mail, 30c.  
**DIAPERS** Water-proof, warm, soft, easily  
washed, an absorbent, covered on  
both sides with stockinet and having a waistband  
and gathering-string, adjust themselves to the size  
and motion of the body. Made in four sizes.  
Price, per mail, 70c.  
**BUSTLE** Pads sitting or lying down, or  
leaning back against chair or sofa,  
and resound its proper position upon rising. Can  
be altered by an adjustable cord, to suit the style  
and size of wearer. It is light, easy to wear, never  
gets out of order, and is of the correct fashion  
shape. Price, per mail, 50 cents.  
**SKELTON SKIRT BAND** Impres-  
sion of a skeleton skirt band, enabling them to  
wear delicate, thin, pleated, gathered, jakes and  
hands. For measurements, please the tape-line  
straight around body as low as possible when seat-  
ed. Price, per mail, \$1.00.  
These goods are all patented, and will give entire  
satisfaction or money refunded. For sale by all  
leading dry goods houses.  
CANFIELD RUBBER CO., Bridgeport, Conn.

**THE MARINER'S TALE.**

I tossed about on the open sea,  
No breeze there was a-blowing,  
And I says to myself, says I, I'll be  
Blowed if I know where I'm going.  
I never felt such awful pain  
As the pain of that awful hunger—  
And I wished I'd meet on the raging main  
Some kindly fried-fish monger.  
I felt my stomach go in and out  
Like an ancient concertina,  
I was so famished, I felt about  
As hungry as a hyena.  
Water, water all round in a roar,  
But never a drop of rum,  
And I split my eye-balls looking for  
The sail-boat that didn't come.

Into my vision did corned beef come,  
My favo'ite part the brisket,  
When all of a sudden I pulled up from  
My pocket a long-lost biscuit.  
And I was gay as a rural lass  
In a beautiful new silk petticoat,  
The famous milk-biscuit called the "BOSS,"  
Made in New London, Connecticut—  
Had braced me up till I felt serene  
As though I was ten years younger,  
And since that time I have never been  
Attacked by a fit of hunger.  
For the beannery now I would not give a toss,  
Nor for the old be-f teakery,  
I live on the biscuit that's called the "BOSS,"  
For it bald-headed yanks the bakery.

**BOSS' FAMOUS LUNCH MILK BISCUIT (Patented).**

When you Puck(er) up your mouth for a good thing, ask your Grocer for  
"THE BOSS BISCUIT."

C. D. BOSS & SON, NEW LONDON, CONN.,

Originators and Only Manufacturers in the World of

**Boss' FAMOUS LUNCH MILK BISCUIT.**

Each Biscuit stamped with our name, "BOSS."

ONE THOUSAND TONS SOLD ANNUALLY.

**RUDISCH'S SARCO PEPTONES.**

<p>One ounce con- tains all the nour- ishment of half a pound of solid lean Beef.</p>	<p><b>A TRULY PERFECT EXTRACT OF BEEF.</b></p>	<p>The only Beef Extract which contains the albu- minous matter, the true element of nutrition of meat.</p>
<p>The weakest stomach digests it without effort or irritation.</p>		<p>Sustains strength and vitality in old age.</p>

Endorsed by eminent Physicians as the most Nourishing, most Digesti-  
ble, most Palatable Preparation of Beef for Patients, Convalescents, Dys-  
peptics, Invalids or Enfeebled persons of every age. One trial is sufficient  
to prove its great value. For sale by all Druggists and  
**THE RUDISCH COMPANY, 317 & 319 Greenwich St., N. Y.**

**IS THIS WHAT AILS YOU?**



*Geo. Stoddard*  
Chemist and Druggist.

Do you feel generally miserable, or suffer  
with a thousand and one indescribable bad  
feelings, both mental and physical? Among  
them low spirits, nervousness, weariness, life-  
lessness, weakness, dizziness, feelings of full-  
ness or bloating after eating, or sense of  
"goneness" or emptiness of stomach in morn-  
ing, flesh soft and lacking firmness, head-  
ache, blurring of eyesight, specks floating be-  
fore the eyes, nervous irritability, poor mem-  
ory, chilliness, alternating with hot flushes,  
lassitude, throbbing, gurgling or rumbling sen-  
sation in bowels, with heat and nipping pains  
occasionally, palpitation of heart, short breath  
on exertion, slow circulation of blood, cold  
feet, pain and oppression in chest and back,  
pain around the loins, aching and weariness of  
the lower limbs, drowsiness after meals, but  
nervous wakefulness at night, languor in the  
morning, and a constant feeling of dread, as if  
something awful was about to happen.

If you have any or all of these symptoms,  
send 30c. to GEO. N. STODDARD, Drug-  
gist, 1226 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y., who  
will send you, postpaid, some simple and  
harmless powders, pleasant to take, and easy  
directions which, if you follow, will positively  
and effectually cure in from one to three  
weeks' time, no matter how bad you may be.  
Few have suffered from these causes more  
than I, and fewer still at my age (48) are in  
more perfect health than I am now. The same  
means will cure you.

The Cincinnati Christian Standard says: "We have seen testimonials from sufferers, and  
they all verify the good results obtained from his simple remedies. We know Mr. Stoddard per-  
sonally, and can vouch for the truthfulness of his statements. He has been in business in Buffalo  
for eighteen years, always doing just as he agreed to. Our readers need have no hesitancy in send-  
ing him money."

The Christian at Work, New York, says: "We are personally acquainted with Mr. Stoddard,  
and know that any communication to him will receive prompt and careful attention."  
Be sure to mention Puck.

## HIS REASON.



ABLE-BODIED TRAMP.—Fact is, sir, y'see—I work all the week, an' that jest covers my expenses. I'm a religious man myself, sir, an' I can't do no work Sundays. That's why I'm a-beggin'. Say, boss, catch on to the scheme? do, an' gimme a dime!

## A LITTLE AFFAIR.

HE had long, reckless, black hair; his eyes were black and piercing; he wore a collar of high-board-fence style. He muttered, as he picked his teeth with a bowie-knife:

"No, sah, Majah T. Timkinson, of Sooth Caleena, has not killed a relative since breakfast. No, sah, this will not do, sah."

He hired a cab and was driven to the Planter's Hotel, and went to room 1,963, somewhere near the planet Mercury. He opened the door and walked in. There sat at a table an old man, shuffling an euchre-deck.

"Cunal, how do you do?" said Major Timkinson.

They shook hands and took seats.

"Cunal Shott," said Major Timkinson: "I've called, sah, to inquire, sah, why you insist, sah, on wearing white hayah in this time of progress, sah, when all you are obliged to do, sah, is to buy a bottle of hayah-dye and color your hayah a deep black, sah? How does it look, sah, to see an old man with white hayah in the 'Sothron' aristocracy?"

Now the battle opens. Colonel Shott jumped to his feet and said, in tones of a Gatling-gun:

"Majah T. Timkinson, you have insulted an honorable member of the old honored family of Schott. Majah Timkinson, sah, the Schott family can trace their ancestors back two hundred years, to the town of Berkshire, England. What shall it be, Majah Timkinson, sah, knives or pistols?"

"Pistols," said Major Timkinson.

Then they opened fire; but the fever rapidly spread. Soon the bell-boy joined in the shooting; also the proprietor took a hand in. Then came two or three guests of the hotel, who could not stand by and see so much fun going on without partaking of the dessert. The shooting-dance soon spread to the street, when all the village was mixed up in the "little affair."

The coroner of the village watched the proceedings from a drug store window, with paper and pencil, counting the dead and wounded.

Drug stores never get molested.

Seth Ferguson, a Northern capitalist, who had just arrived in the village, didn't like the appearance of the situation. He said, as he looked on from a little distance:

"This dream of the Sunny South is nice in a colored picture-book; but for solid comfort give me old Snagutuck, Varmount. I ain't used to this consarned chivalry. What I want is bread and butter."

And he took the first train for the North. And he wonders why people of the Sunny South expect Northern energy to come there and "settle down forever." W. L. C.

THE FIRST American almanac is believed to have been issued in 1687 by William Bradford, in Philadelphia. Before that period it is not known what the minstrel companies did for their jokes.

A MAN WHO recently read in a paper, "Fifteen stop organs for \$39.50," sent on that amount, and when he received an organ in return, he indignantly wrote back to the manufacturer regarding the fourteen that had not come to hand.

## HER INTEREST.



"Well, Doctor, what is the matter with me?"

"I think you are threatened with a mild attack of—er—something in the nature of pleuro-pneumonia."

"Oh, dear—I hope, Doctor—I do hope it's something fashionable?"—*Fliegende Blätter*.

## THE PAINTER'S QUANDARY.

An Unnecessary Exercise of Intellect.



WHAT shall I paint? The moments fly,

The Exhibition nears—  
And yet no frenzy fires my eye,  
No dream my fancy cheers.

Oh, shall I paint a "Sunset" red?  
Or paint a "Sea-mist" gray?  
Or picture "Cleopatra Dead"?  
Or do up "Old Dog Tray"?

Or shall I limn a "Drinking Scene"  
Of mediæval times?  
Or "Bridget *versus* Kerosene"—  
A theme for comic rhymes?

I might design a "Shawangunk Hills,"  
With Autumn's red and gold—  
Or call my picture "Rippling Rills"—  
But that idea is old.

"Idea"? Well, though it may be faint,  
It never will be missed:  
It doesn't matter *what* I paint—  
I'm an Impressionist!

VERE DE VERE VANDYKE.

## THE BIRD'S FLIGHT.

WHY does the little bird go south  
when all the leaves are red?  
When gunners gun and nutters nut, and  
all on pie are fed?

Why, he goes south to tell the folks that  
PICKINGS Number Three  
Is raising merry laughs throughout the  
land from sea to sea.

And that although it mirth provokes,  
from rise to set of sun,  
That there are just as many laughs in  
numbers Two and One.

And that the three should charm each  
man who reads and swears by PUCK,  
Because, you know, as Lover says, in  
numbers odd there's luck.

Price, twenty-five cents, per Crop.  
Mailed to any address on receipt of  
thirty cents.



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FOR RIFLES, PISTOLS,  
AND SHOT GUNS.  
Economizing Ammunition



If your Dealer cannot supply you, write direct to us, P. O. Box 10440, New Haven, Conn.

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B. Resizing Expanded Shell.  
C. Seating Primer.  
D. Seating Bullet.  
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Send for Circular. Manufactured by the **IDEAL MFG CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.**

Please Mention Pickings from Puck

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**FULLER & WHEELER,**  
ARCHITECTS, ALBANY, NEW YORK.

ALL persons apprehensive of lung trouble should try WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA, which is considered an invaluable remedy for coughs, colds, weak lungs and consumption in every stage of the disease. Persons troubled with loss of flesh, or appetite, or with general debility, will find lasting benefit from its use, according to the testimony of many who have been cured of wasting diseases by its use. Sold by all druggists, and prices \$1 and \$2 per bottle.

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**GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.**  
Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, or Webster's Dictionary. For full particulars address **THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 299, 81 and 83 Vesey St., New York.**

## EVERY THOUGHTFUL HUSBAND

Who cares to meet a smiling wife upon his return from his days' toil will see to it that her cares are lightened, and the rough places in her household duties smoothed. Then she will be sunny, and a smiling welcome be always his.

**OAKLEY'S QUEEN SOAP** is sunshine in every household, and a considerate provider will be sure that the house is well supplied with it.

**A POUND OF SOAP FREE.**—If you have never used **OAKLEY'S QUEEN SOAP**, send us eight two-cent stamps to cover postage, and we will send you a pound bar of **QUEEN SOAP**.

If your grocer does not keep it, write to us and we will tell you where it may be obtained.

**L. & J. OAKLEY, Newburgh, N. Y.**

Mention this Paper.

CHICAGO BRANCH, 375 Wabash Ave.

CHAS. S. UPTON, Pres't & Man'g'r.

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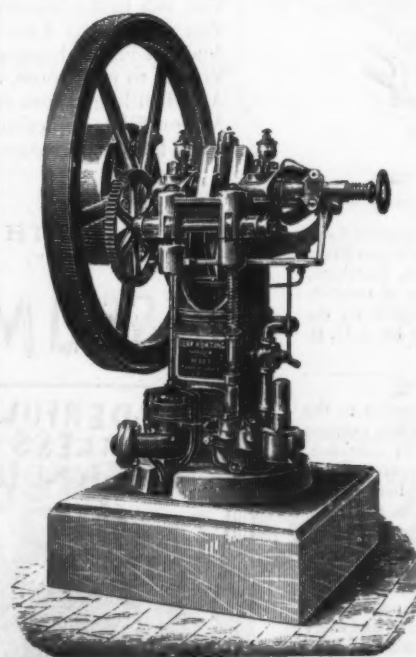
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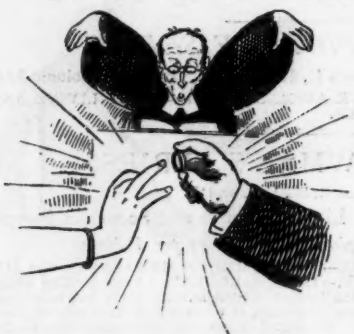
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## II.

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## III.

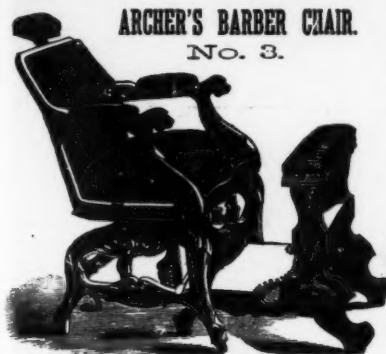
BABY.—HAVE BEEN VERY SICK. DYING to see you. Can not forget. Meet me at old place Friday at 8. HELOISE.

## IV.

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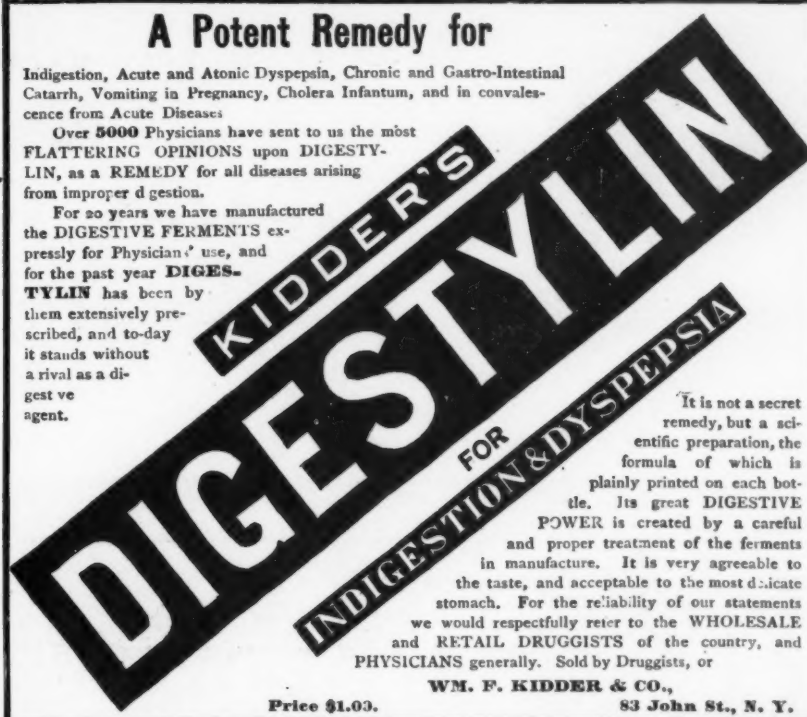
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